

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

---

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1822.

---

(Blackwood's Magazine, July.)

### THE NOCTURNAL SEPARATION.

ONE summer, while at Baltimore on a pleasure excursion, peculiar circumstances suddenly rendered it necessary that I should set sail for St. Thomas's. I immediately proceeded to make inquiry about a vessel to convey me there, and found that there were none bound for that quarter, except a small schooner, which had very inferior accommodations, and was commanded by a person of rude manners and a disobliging temper. However, as my business admitted of no delay, I engaged a passage in her, and put my luggage on board, and desired the captain to send me notice whenever he was ready to sail, that I might immediately join him.

I passed two days in that anxious and unsettled state of mind which the prospect of going to sea generally induces, and went despondingly to bed the second night, after having ascertained that the wind was unfavourable to the prosecution of my intended voyage. A loud knocking at my chamber door awakened me from a profound sleep, about an hour before dawn. I was on the point of demanding who occasioned the disturbance, when a voice called out, 'The schooner is ready to sail—they are heaving up the anchor—Captain Burder sent me to warn you to come on board without a moment's delay.'

I started from bed, and having dressed myself as quickly as possible, accompanied the messenger to the

wharf, and embarked in a boat which waited there for us, and soon reached the schooner. Her captain was so busily engaged in giving orders to the seamen that he seemed scarcely to notice my arrival. However, I addressed him, and made some remark about the suddenness of his departure. 'That doesn't concern you,' replied he, abruptly; 'I suppose your birth is ready below.' But instead of taking his hint, and going down to the cabin, I remained upon deck until we cleared the mouth of the harbour, which we at last accomplished with much difficulty, for the wind was as directly ahead as it could blow.

I felt at a loss to conceive the cause of our putting to sea in such unfavourable weather; but judged, from the specimen of the captain's manner which I had already had, that it would be useless to address to him any inquiries upon the subject. I therefore went to bed, and did not get up next morning till called to breakfast.

On entering the cabin I was astonished to find a lady and a gentleman there, whom I had not previously known to be on board. They were introduced to me as fellow-passengers; and after expressing my gratification at the prospect of enjoying their society during the voyage, I began to converse with them, and soon found that their presence would in a great measure counterbalance the disagreeables arising from Captain Burder's surly and un-

tractable temper. They were named Mr. and Mrs. Monti, and were both young, and had recently been married. She was a pretty, lively, interesting creature; and having fortunately been at sea before, she did not suffer from sickness, or feel at all incommoded or depressed by the comparative un comforts of her situation; and therefore the sociality of our little circle was never interrupted by her absence, or her incapacity to join it. But the charm of her manners seemed to exert no influence upon the stubborn nature of Captain Burder, who always maintained a cold reserve, and rarely took any part in our conversation.

His appearance and deportment were singularly unprepossessing. A short muscular figure, a stern countenance, burnt almost to a copper colour by an exposure to tropical climates, black bushy hair, and small scintillating eyes, formed the exterior of our commander; and his actions and external behaviour proved that the traits of his mind were as revolting as those of his person.

He treated his crew in a capricious and tyrannical manner; but, at the same time, behaved towards them with an air of familiarity very unusual for ship-masters to assume when among common seamen. But a negro man, who attended the cabin, daily experienced the most inhuman usage from his hands, and afforded such a spectacle of degradation and misery as was painful to look upon. Almost every night after dark Captain Burder had a long conversation with his mate, during which both seemed particularly anxious to avoid being overheard; and I once or twice observed them studying charts of parts of the ocean that lay quite out of our due and proper course. Their whole conduct was equally suspicious and inexplicable, and I often felt uneasy and apprehensive, though there was no defined evil to fear, nor any danger to anticipate.

Our personal comfort was but little attended to on board the schooner; and our table, which had never been a well furnished one, soon became so mean and uninviting, that Mr. Monti complained to Captain Burder about it; however, without avail, for the lat-

ter told him that he must just take things as he found them. On comparing the quantity of stores we had respectively brought on board, we thought we could manage to live independent of our commander; and Mrs. Monti's woman servant was, therefore, desired to prepare our meals, and spread a table for us every day. Captain Burder grew furious with passion when he learned this arrangement, and muttered some threats which we did not understand. However, next day, his rage against us was farther increased, in consequence of Mr. Monti having taxed him with cruelty and injustice while in the act of beating the negro man already mentioned. This offence was not to be forgiven, and he accordingly broke off all intercourse with the individuals of our party.

Delightful weather attended us during the first week of the voyage, and we usually spent the evenings upon deck, under an awning. While thus seated, one calm and beautiful moonlight night, Mrs. Monti said, 'If the weather and ocean were ever in this placid state, I believe I would prefer a sea-life to any other. The most susceptible mind could not discover any cause for terror or anxiety in the scene around us—I would rather meet a speedy death among these little billows than linger life away upon a sick-bed, racked with pain, and surrounded with weeping friends.'—'I have less objections, Harriet,' said her husband, 'to your mode of dying than to your mode of living. I should not care to spend much time at sea, for I am sure it would pass very heavily. I love variety and nothing of that is to be met with on board a ship.'—'I agree with you,' said Mrs. Monti; 'but variety is not necessary to happiness,—a regular, well-planned, uninterrupted routine would suit my disposition exactly, and would be more easily attainable at sea than any where else. A life of change entails many miseries. It makes us the slaves of accidents of every kind, and when we are happy we never can feel secure that our happiness will continue. Now, were I mistress of a large ship, and had the power of sailing continually upon a calm and safe ocean, I



would collect my dearest friends on board of her, and get out of sight of land as fast as possible, carrying with me of course various means of amusement and recreation. We would regulate our time and our pleasures as we chose—no disagreeable person could intrude upon us—no spectacles of misery would meet our eyes, and no lamentations assail our ears; and we would enjoy each other's society without the fear of ever being separated or disunited, except by death; and when any one was removed, the remaining persons would console themselves with the reflection, that a link had been withdrawn from the chain which bound their hearts to this delusive and transitory world; and that, in proportion as their friends dropped away, they would feel more ready and willing to die than they had done while the former were in existence.'—'This seems a very plausible scheme of yours, my love,' replied Mr. Monti; 'however, I am glad you cannot put it in execution. I don't know any part of the ocean that is exempted from tempests, which I see you are resolved entirely to avoid, and with reason, for I suspect that a good gale of wind would discompose you and your select party, even more than Captain Burder himself, were he to find means of admittance into your projected floating Elysium.'

While we were engaged in conversation of this kind, I several times observed Samno, the negro man, beckoning to me, and then putting his finger upon his lips. At length I went to the bows of the vessel where he stood, and asked if he had any thing to communicate. 'Yes, yes, master,' said he, in a whisper, 'something very strange, and of great consequence—but will no one overhear us?'—'Do not fear that,' answered I; 'Captain Burder is asleep in his birth, and the watch are all near the stern.'—'Then I will speak,' answered Samno. 'You and that other gentleman have been kind to me, and have often tried to save me from the rage of my wicked master—I mean now to serve you in my turn. Your lives are in danger. The captain intends to cast away the vessel.'—'What do you mean?' cried I; 'I am at a

loss to understand you.'—'Oh, I'll soon explain it all,' replied he. 'Last night, I listened to my master and the mate and found out that they had formed a plan to wreck this schooner, that they might get the insurance, which would buy her and all she contains twenty times over. These bales, casks, and boxes, that lie in the hold, have no goods in them. They are full of sand and stones. Captain Burder has cheated the insurers in this way, and now he wants to run the vessel aground somewhere on the Bahama Banks, and leave her to be beat to pieces by the waves. He and his crew, who are all leagued with him, will go off in the boat, and land upon the nearest coast, and give out that they have been shipwrecked. This story, if it is not found out to be false, will entitle him to claim the insurance, which is all he wants. Here is a scheme for you!'

I was too much startled and agitated by this intelligence to think of holding any farther conversation with Samno; and, after warning him to conceal his knowledge of the affair from his master and the seamen, I returned to my friends. As the tale I had just heard completely explained Captain Burder's mysterious behaviour, and unveiled the cause of his sudden departure from Baltimore, I did not at all doubt the negro's veracity, and began to consider how the infernal machinations of our commander might best be counteracted. When Mrs. Monti retired to her state-room, I informed her husband of the plot that was in agitation. We conferred together a long time upon the subject, and, at last, resolved to do nothing openly, until matters came nearer a crisis.

Captain Burder's villainous scheme occupied my mind incessantly, and Mr. Monti daily made it a subject of conversation; but still we could not determine what course to pursue, and passed our hours in that state of irresolute anxiety, during which, the mind seeks an excuse for its own inactivity and want of decision, by endeavouring to convince itself that the proper time for exertion has not yet arrived. We cautiously concealed the affair from Mrs. Monti and her attendant, and

took care that every thing connected with our little establishment should go on in its usual routine, lest any alteration might have excited suspicion among those who were leagued against us.

Four or five evenings after Samno had made the above-mentioned communication to me, we were seated upon deck according to custom. It blew pretty fresh, and we went through the water at such a rapid rate that Mrs. Monti remarked it, and asked me, in a whisper, if vessels usually carried so much sail at night as we then did. At this moment, Captain Burder, who had been pacing the deck in an agitated manner for some time before, seized the lead, and hove it hurriedly, and continued to do so without mentioning the soundings to any one, or making any reply to the mate, who came forward, and offered to relieve him of his charge. There was a dead silence among the crew, all of whom stood near the bows of the vessel, observing their commander with expressive looks. An indistinct sensation of dread, in which I participated, appeared to steal over the individuals of our party. Mrs. Monti trembled and seized her husband's arm, and looked anxiously in his face; but he turned from her gaze without saying any thing. Samno leant against the bulwarks, and twice stepped forward, apparently with the intention of addressing some one, but each time, after a few moments' hesitation, he quietly resumed his former position.

The moon was nearly full, and we enjoyed all her light, except when a thin fleecy cloud occasionally happened to intervene, and to throw a fleeting and shadowy dimness upon the surface of the ocean. The wind, though strong, appeared unsteady, and at intervals its sighing was changed into wild and melancholy moans, which seemed to hover around the vessel for an instant, and then to be borne far over the deep. At one time we glided silently and smoothly through the billows; and at another, they burst and grumbled fiercely around the bows of the schooner, and then collapsed into comparative quietness and repose;—every thing wore an ominous

and dreary character, and the scene appeared to exert a depressing influence upon the minds of all on board.

The silence was suddenly interrupted by Samno, who cried, 'We are now on the Seal-bank! I see the *black heads*! The schooner will be a-ground immediately!'—'Rascal! What do you say?' returned Captain Burder, running furiously up to him; 'you are a lying vagabond! Utter another word, and I will let you feel the weight of the lead upon your body!'—'What can all this mean?' exclaimed Mrs. Monti, in a tone of alarm; 'are we really in danger?'—'Captain Burder,' cried her husband, 'I command you to put about ship instantly! We know all your plans! You are a deceitful villain!—Seamen,' continued he, addressing the crew, 'obey this man at your peril! he intends to cast away the vessel for the insurance; if we do not resist we shall lose our lives.'—'Mutinous wretch!' returned the Captain, 'you speak falsely! I deny the charge! You shall repent of this yet. Yes, yes, I'll find a time.—Fellows, stand by me; recollect I am your commander. May I depend upon you all?'—'Ay, ay, sir, to the last,' answered the sailors, though some of them spoke rather faintly and irresolutely.

Silence now ensued; and Captain Burder having thrown aside the lead, began to pace the deck hurriedly, and often cast looks of fury and defiance at Mr. Monti and me. We easily perceived that any sort of resistance on our part would be vain, and perhaps dangerous, and therefore patiently awaited the catastrophe. While he employed himself in soothing and encouraging his lady, I went down to the cabin, and collected all my valuables of small bulk, and concealed them about my person; and likewise privately desired Mr. Monti's servant to occupy herself in the same way.

In a few minutes I distinctly felt the keel of the schooner rub upon the bottom. Every one started when this took place, and then appeared to await the next shock in breathless alarm.—The vessel, as was expected, soon began a second time to grind against the sand and rocks underneath, and quick-



ly got hard and fast a-ground. Captain Burder immediately ordered the sails to be backed, but this did not move her in the least degree. The shifting of the ballast, which was next resorted to, proved ineffectual, as he probably intended it should.

Our situation now became truly alarming. There was no land in sight; but from the fore-top we could discern shoals stretching on every side to the horizon—those of sand being indicated by the bright green colours of the sea—and those of rock by irregular patches of blackness upon its surface. However, these beacons of danger did not long continue distinguishable, for the moon sunk below the horizon, and clouds gradually overcast the sky. The wind and sea increased at the same time, and we soon began to drift along, being one moment elevated on the top of a billow, and the next dashed furiously against the bottom of the ocean. It was evident that the schooner would quickly go to pieces, and Captain Burder ordered his men to let down the boat. While they were engaged in this, a temporary dispersion of some of the clouds afforded us light enough to discern a rocky island at a little distance; and the boat had hardly been dropped when our vessel struck violently—the waves breaking over her at the same time in rapid succession.

We all rushed to the side of the schooner on which the boat lay, and leaped into her, one after another with the exception of Mr. Monti, who, when he had assisted his wife and servant in getting on board, returned to the cabin for some papers which he had forgot. Just as he came upon deck again, a tremendous sea took the vessel astern, and swept him overboard. Mrs. Monti fainted away. Captain Burder immediately cut the barge rope, and ordered the crew to make for the island, saying, it was absurd even to think of saving my companion's life, and that we would be more than fortunate if we escaped a similar fate ourselves. The men rowed furiously, and we soon gained the rock, and landed in safety, though not until the bows of the boat had been stove in by the violent percussions she underwent while we were getting ashore.

It was so dark that none of us attempted to explore the apparently isolated spot upon which we had been obliged to take refuge; and my thoughts were chiefly directed to the recovery of Mrs. Monti, who continued in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and revived only to feel the agonizing conviction that her husband was no more. Captain Burder and his crew stood watching the schooner as she rapidly went to pieces, and had a great deal of conversation among themselves, which the noise of the sea prevented my overhearing.

About an hour after we had landed, Samno came running to me, and whispered, that he believed Mr. Monti was still alive, for he had recently heard some one shouting at a distance. I immediately accompanied him to a projecting point of rock, about one hundred yards off, and we both called as loud as we could. A voice, which I instantly recognized to be that of my friend, answered us; but it was some time before we were able to distinguish what he said. At last I ascertained that he had reached the shore by clinging to part of the wreck, and that he could not then gain the spot on which we stood, on account of an arm of the sea which extended into the interior of the island; but that he would immediately endeavour to find his way round the head of it. On hearing this, I entreated him to desist from any such attempt till day-light should render it a secure and successful one. He at last consented, and I hastened to Mrs. Monti, and communicated the joyful tidings of her husband's preservation, which affected her nearly as much as her previous belief in his death had done.

Long before dawn we had all assembled on the point of the rock already mentioned; and the first beams of morning shewed Mr. Monti opposite to the place where we stood, and divided from us by what appeared to be an arm of the sea, about one hundred and fifty yards wide. After exchanging a few words with his wife, he set out to compass its head, and thus get round to us, while Samno went to meet him.

We waited their arrival impatiently for nearly half an hour, and then saw the negro coming towards us with looks of despair. 'We are all deceived,' cried he; 'this is not an arm of the sea, but a channel between two distinct islands; we are on one, and Mr. Monti is on the other; he cannot possibly reach us, unless he swims across, or is brought over in a boat. What is to be done?' This intelligence filled Mrs. Monti and me with dismay, for both knew that the boat was totally unfit for service, and that her husband could not swim. Every one appeared in some measure to participate in our distress and disappointment, except Captain Burder, who, when asked if there were any means of rescuing Mr. Monti, said, that it behoved him to get across the channel as he best could.

Mr. Monti soon appeared on the opposite rock, and explained the hopelessness of his situation more fully than Samno had done. The channel had a rapid current; the set of which, we perceived, would vary with the ebb and flow of the tide; but it was so strong that even an expert swimmer could scarcely hope to baffle its force and reach the adverse shore. No effectual plan of relief suggested itself to any of our minds; but it was evidently necessary that something should speedily be done; for though we had picked up a considerable quantity of wrecked provisions, Mr. Monti had none of any kind. We therefore saw at once that he must either risk his life upon the sea, or perish with hunger.

In the afternoon, under the influence of these convictions, he began to collect together all the pieces of plank he could find; and having torn up his shirt and handkerchief into strips, he bound the timber together, so as to form a sort of raft. This he conveyed to the utter extremity of his own island, hoping that the sweep of the current might carry him, when embarked, to the lower end of the opposite shore. These preparations were viewed with torturing suspense and anxiety by Mrs. Monti and me; and when her husband had placed himself upon the raft, she grew half frantic with alarm, and entreated him to desist. However, af-

ter a few moments of irresolution, he pushed off, and was whirled rapidly along by the stream.

None of us dared to speak, scarcely even to breathe, during this soul-absorbing crisis. Several of the crew stood upon the edge of the cliffs with ropes in their hands, waiting to afford the adventurous navigator assistance as he passed; and their hopes of being able to do so were strengthened, when they observed the influence which an eddy had in drawing the raft towards the shore. Mr. Monti was soon within seven or eight yards of us. One of the seamen then seized the end of the rope, and made a strong effort to throw it towards the raft, but he lost his balance, and fell into the water, dragging the line along with him. The golden moment elapsed, and the object of our solicitude was quickly swept away far beyond our reach. His wife relapsed into insensibility, but not before she had seen the form of her husband receding from her eyes, and at the mercy of a boundless ocean.

The man who had the misfortune to cause this disastrous result, was allowed to clamber up the rocks quite disregarded—the attention of all being fixed upon Mr. Monti, who floated so fast into the open sea, that we perceived we had no chance of beholding him much longer. He waved his hands to us several times, with an air of resignation, but we thought we once or twice observed him endeavouring to impel the raft towards our island, by using his arms as oars, and then suddenly desist, as if conscious of the hopelessness of the attempt. Fortunately, the weather had become very calm, and we knew that there was no chance of his sinking while it continued so, and while the planks that supported him kept together. We watched him till it grew dark, and then set about providing ourselves with a place of shelter for the night; during the whole of which, Mrs. Monti, in her indescribable anguish, forgot all that had passed, and even where she was, and talked, laughed, and wept, alternately.

I spent the greater part of the night in strolling along the shores of the island, which I could do with pleasure



and safety, for the moon and stars successively yielded light enough to direct my steps. Neither did Captain Burder nor his crew seem inclined to take any repose. When I happened to pass the spot where they were, I always heard them disputing about the way in which they should manage to leave the rock; and it appeared from their conversation, that the wreck of the schooner had been much more complete and sudden than they had anticipated or intended. I also gathered from some accidental hints, that they did not regret that Mr. Monti was, now out of the way—his avowed knowledge of their plans having excited a good deal of alarm and anxiety among them.

At day-break no vestige of the raft or its unfortunate navigator was discoverable, and I forgot my own desolate prospects in thinking of the fate of Mr. Monti, and trying to believe that he might still be in life, although conclusions to the contrary were forced upon my mind by a consideration of the dangers that surrounded him, and of the limited means he had of successfully contending against them. Immediately after sunrise, the crew hauled up the damaged boat, and began to repair her with some fragments of the schooner, which had that morning floated ashore. They soon rendered her in a manner sea-worthy, and I found that the mate and crew intended setting out in search of relief, while Captain Burder, and Mrs. Monti, and her maid, and I, were to remain till they returned. Accordingly, in the afternoon they put off, taking Samno with them, on the ground that they would require him to assist at the oars.

It appeared to me rather strange that Captain Burder should not accompany his crew, and direct the expedition, though he said he remained behind to shew the two females that neither he nor his men had any intention of abandoning them. I pretended to be satisfied with this explanation, but nevertheless determined to watch his motions. Mrs. Monti and her maid had taken up their abode in a small rocky recess, which sheltered them in some measure from the weather, and I had conveyed thither the best provisions I

could select from the quantity washed ashore, but did not intrude myself upon them, for I perceived that my presence was painful to the former, by recalling the image of her husband.

Having chosen a place of repose in the vicinity of the recess, I retired to it soon after sunset, and endeavoured to sleep; but notwithstanding the fatigues of the preceding night, I continued awake so long that I resolved to walk abroad and solicit the tranquillizing effects of the fresh air. As I emerged beyond the projecting rock behind which I had formed my couch I saw Captain Burder stealing along on tip-toe. Fortunately he did not observe me, and I immediately shrunk back into the shade, that I might watch his steps unseen by him. He proceeded cautiously towards the recess, and having looked round a moment, entered it. I grew alarmed, and hastened to the spot, but remained outside, and listened attentively. I heard Mrs. Monti suddenly utter an exclamation of surprise, and say, 'Pray, sir, why do you intrude yourself here?'—'I come to inquire how you are,' replied Captain Burder, 'and to ask if I can be of any service to you.'—'None, none,' answered she; 'this is an extraordinary time for such a visit. I beg you will leave me.'—'Are you not afraid to remain here alone?' said Captain Burder.—'I have my attendant, sir,' returned Mrs. Monti, haughtily.—'No, no,' cried the former, 'you know well enough you have sent her across the island for water, and I have taken advantage of her absence to have a little conversation with you—You are a beautiful creature, and——' 'Captain Burder,' exclaimed she, in a tone of alarm, 'do you really dare?—Begone!—Touch me not!'—I heard a shriek, I rushed into the recess, and, seizing the insolent villain behind by the collar of his coat, dragged him backwards a considerable way, and then dashed him twice upon the rocks, with all the force I was master of. He could not rise, but lay groaning with pain, and vainly attempting to speak.

I now hastened to Mrs. Monti, whose agitation I endeavoured to relieve and compose, by assurances of unremitting

protection, and by the hope of our soon being able to leave the island. When her attendant returned I left them together, after promising to keep watch in front of the recess, and prevent the future intrusions of Captain Burder, who continued for some time on the spot where I had left him, and then got upon his feet, and retired out of sight.

I armed myself with a piece of broken oar, which I found among the cliffs, and began to walk backwards and forwards in front of the recess. My situation was now such a perplexing one, that I felt more anxious and uneasy than ever. I feared lest Captain Burder should attack me unawares, or gain access to Mrs. Monti if I relaxed my vigilance one moment; and sleep was therefore out of the question. I paced along the rocks like a sentinel, starting at every sound, and ardently wishing for dawn, although I knew that there was no chance of its bringing me any relief. I did not dare to sit down, lest I should slumber. I counted the waves as they burst along the shore, and watched the stars successively rising and setting on opposite sides of the horizon;—at one time fancying I saw my enemy lurking in some neighbouring cavity, and at another trying to discover the white sails of an approaching vessel. I observed Mrs. Monti's servant occasionally appear at the entrance of their wild abode, and look around, as if to ascertain that I still kept watch, and then quietly return within.

Shortly after midnight, while taking my round along the cliffs, I met Captain Burder. We both started back, and surveyed each other for a little time without speaking. 'Do not suppose,' said he, at length, 'that the attack you made upon me this evening shall remain unresented or unpunished. You have behaved most villainously—You took advantage of me, like an assassin, when I was off my guard.'—'And shall not hesitate to do so again,' returned I, 'if I chance to find you insulting Mrs. Monti.'—'You talk boldly,' cried he; 'are you aware that you cannot leave this island unless I choose?'—'No, I am not.'—'Then learn that it is so,' exclaimed he, stamp-

ing his foot. 'My crew have gone to secure a small vessel, and when they return, we shall depart in it, taking the females with us, and leaving you here. In the meantime, be thankful that your life has not been the forfeit of this evening's temerity.'—'Your crew,' said I, 'will not be so merciless as to abandon me, even although you order them to do so. I ask nothing from you—only keep at a distance from the recess.—I advise this for your own sake.'—'This language won't last long,' cried he, quivering with rage; 'why don't I pitch you over the cliffs this moment?'—But no, you shall die a slower death.'—He now hurried furiously away, but once or twice stopped short, as if half determined to return and attack me. However, he restrained his passion, and soon disappeared among the rocks.

A miserable fate, which we had no visible means of avoiding, seemed now to impend over Mrs. Monti and me. I leaned against a precipice near her place of refuge, and gave way to the most melancholy anticipations, which absorbed me so completely, that I did not discover that it was day, till the sun had got completely above the horizon. Then, on changing my position, and looking towards the sea, I observed a sloop at anchor, about half a mile from the shore, and a boat full of men approaching.

I did not for a moment doubt that they were Captain Burder's crew, and that the vessel belonged to them; and I hastened towards the landing-place, that I might solicit their interference in behalf of Mrs. Monti and myself, before their commander could have an opportunity of steeling their hearts against us. The boat, which had now touched the shore, was concealed from my view by a projecting rock. A man who stood on the top of it called me by name. I looked up, and started back, and then rushed into his arms—it was Mr. Monti himself. 'My dear friend,' cried I, 'Heaven, I see, has afforded you that protection which I lately feared was on the point of being withdrawn from us. Eternally blessed be the hour of your return!'—'I have indeed had a wonderful preservation,' returned he, 'and you shall soon hear all—



but how is my Harriet?'—'Safe and well, as yet,' replied I; 'You have just arrived in time.'

As we hastened towards the recess, I related briefly all that had happened since the preceding morning, to which he listened with shuddering anxiety, and seemed indescribably relieved when I had finished the recital. On reaching Mrs. Monti's abode I retired, lest my presence should impose any restraint upon the feelings of the happy couple. In a little time my friend came forward, with his wife leaning on his arm. Their countenances were as radiant as the smooth expanse of ocean before us, which received the full influences of a dazzling sun. 'Yonder sloop,' said the delighted husband, 'that rides so beautifully at anchor, will convey us hence this evening.—How graceful she looks! Her sails absolutely appear to be fringed with gold!'—'Yes,' returned Mrs. Monti, 'I believe the enchanted galley which, as fairy legends tell us, conveyed Cherry and Fair Star from the Island of Cyprus, did not appear a more divine object to their eyes than this does to mine.'—'But,' said Mr. Monti, 'I must now give you the particulars of my preservation. I drifted about the ocean nearly three hours, and then came within sight of the sloop, which lay to whenever she observed me. The captain sent out his boat to pick me up. I immediately told my story, and entreated him to steer for this island, which he readily consented to do, for he is one of the Bahama wreckers, who make it their business to cruize about in search of distressed vessels. We would have arrived here much sooner, but the wind was a-head, and we lay at anchor all night, the intricacy of the navigation around this rendering it dangerous to continue sailing after sunset. My preserver shall not go unrewarded, and I shall be the more able to do him justice in this respect, as Harriet informs me that her maid, by your direc-

tions, secured most of our money and valuables about her person before she left the schooner.'

Mr. Monti had informed the master of the sloop, that he believed Captain Burder had cast away the schooner for her insurance, and the former proceeded to the place where she was wrecked, and succeeded in fishing up some bales and packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain nothing but sand and rubbish. This discovery afforded satisfactory proof of Captain Burder's guilt, but still we were at a loss how to act, knowing that we could not legally take him into custody. However, in the course of the day the whole crew returned in the boat, having exhausted their stock of provisions, and failed to meet with any vessel, or reach an inhabited island. Manks, the master of the sloop, now proposed to take them on board his vessel, and carry them into port; and they all consented to accompany him, except Captain Burder and his mate, both of whom probably suspected that Mr. Monti intended giving information against them. But seeing no other means of leaving the island, they at length accepted Manks's offer, and we all embarked on board the sloop about noon, and shortly set sail.

We arrived safely at Nassau, New Providence, in a few days. Captain Burder and his mate were immediately apprehended on our evidence, and committed for trial. However, they both managed to escape from prison, and, having stolen a boat, put to sea; and it was supposed either reached the coast of Cuba, or were picked up by some Spanish pirate, as no one saw or heard any thing of them while we remained upon the island. All cause of detention being thus removed, Mr. and Mrs. Monti and I embarked for St. Thomas, our place of destination, and reached it after a most agreeable and prosperous voyage.

(English Magazines, Aug.)

## SERJEANT REES' TRAVELS.

A JOURNAL OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, BY THE LATE THOMAS REES, SERJEANT OF MARINES.

**T**HIS volume has a double claim to public favour : it is singular as being the production of so humble an author as Serjeant Rees of the Marines, and it is a pathetic appeal to the compassionate feelings as a means of making some provision for his orphan child.

Nor will the kind hearted who become its purchasers have reason to begrudge their benevolence, even were they actuated by no higher principle than the curiosity of seeing how such a person describes the most remarkable scenes and customs of Persia : it will be found that this Journal is both genuine and entertaining. There is a freshness and originality in the writer's manner, so different from the usual style of authors, as to be quite delectable ; and the tone of his remarks, influenced by his station as well as the order of people with whom he had intercourse, exhibit images which have all the charms of novelty. These qualities when known (and it is a pleasure to us to make them known) are enough to promote its success ; and if more were needed it would be found in the conclusion to the Preface by the Editor, a lady, we are informed, who has done herself more honour by this work of charity than if she had produced a brilliant work of her own.

"To the protection of a liberal and indulgent public (says she) this humble work is now committed. May the obscure author, and the unknown editor, be alike sheltered from criticism and contempt ! And may the voice of compassion plead successfully with the opulent and the humane to encourage its circulation, as the certain means of assisting in the future support and instruction of the orphan of him, who served his country, honoured his king, and revered and obeyed his God."

To this forcible appeal (backed by testimonies of the highest approbation from the officers under whom he served,) is added a brief memoir of the Author, illustrating "the short and simple annals of the poor."

"Thomas Rees, born 7 October 1790, was the son of Richard and Charlotte Rees ; the father was parish-clerk of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, for nearly 20 years, and died in 1818. At the age of 15, Thomas was bound apprentice to a tailor, and was remarkably steady and industrious, though strongly impressed with an ardent desire to travel and see the world. This induced him at the period the volunteers of his native town were formed, to accompany the corps to Haverfordwest ; where the military show and parade greatly excited his youthful imagination. The obscure shop-board of the tailor was no longer to be endured ; and Rees next entered into the county militia, and went to Bristol. He continued in it but a short period of time ; for, having fully made up his mind to devote his future life to the service of his country, he enlisted into the Plymouth division of marines, receiving a bounty of thirty pounds : ten of these he immediately presented to his father, reserving the twenty for his own present and future necessities.

"He embarked on board the *Temeraire*, in 1809, being then not quite twenty years of age ; when few people, particularly in his station of life, would think of reciting their opinions and adventures in the form of a journal. Such, however, was done by this lowly private of marines, and under every privation and disadvantage, was preserved to the last."

On quitting the *Temeraire* he was raised to the rank of Corporal, and in three months after to that of Serjeant, and attached to the Woolwich division. He now married Mary Holmes, a young woman of Chelmsford in Essex, and for the ensuing 3 years was employed principally in recruiting. He was then sent to India, and during his absence was employed on an expedition up the Persian Gulph, at the close of which he accompanied Capt. Maude on the excursion of which he has left so interesting an account.



On his return home he lost his health, and after lingering two years, died on the 13th of April 1820, and, melancholy to relate in circumstances of poverty and deep distress.

"A favourite employment to him (says his biographer) was that of arranging and copying out his journal from the scraps of paper on which it had been written; certainly with no intention of its ever meeting the public eye: yet we can suppose how soothing it would have been to the mind of this poor but worthy man, could he have known that it would be beneficial to that beloved child, whose birth had been announced to him on the shores of India. He had had three other children, two of whom had died in their earliest infancy, and the other a few weeks preceding his own decease."

"There is something melancholy in the idea of a brave man, who has served his country, suffering from poverty in the hour of sickness and death; yet poor Rees was obliged to have parochial relief, after disposing of his shells, and many other little things, he had collected in his various travels."

Of these Travels the last memorial is now before us, and we shall endeavour to tempt humanity by showing of what materials it is composed. The first chapter relates to the writer's cruise in the Baltic, in which we find nothing remarkable till the following incident, which happened on the return of the *Temeraire* to Cawsand Bay in a dreadful tempest.

"The sea kept rolling in so fast, that we expected every moment either to go to the bottom, or to be driven on shore. All hands were at the pump; every exertion was made to save our ship and our lives. In the midst of all this distress, we beheld a small boat driven towards us, with the sails torn into tatters, and flying at the mast head. As it came nearer, we could distinguish the cries of a boy singing out for help. Notwithstanding our own sad condition, we felt very much for this poor creature, and still more because we could give him no aid, for the sea ran mountains high; so that, to us, it seemed as if no boat could live on it. The cries continued, which our hu-

mane captain (and there never was a more feeling man,) could scarcely bear to hear, when he said, if any of our crew chose to volunteer, to try to save him, they might. We were none of us backward to do so; and at length the boat being lowered with eight sailors, off she went. It was some time before they could reach the little boat, the waves tossing it over and over, and the boy clinging to it. At last he was removed into our boat from his own, which it was not possible for them to take in tow, and before they had parted five yards from it, they saw it go to the bottom. The sea was so strong against them, and the waves rose to such a height, that the boat could not again come near the ship. We on board were then obliged to let go the life buoy astern; and they getting hold of that, we at last saw them safe on board. When the captain inquired of the boy how he came into the boat, and by what means she had got adrift, he replied, that his father and himself had been coming from North-corner in Dock, and had reached Cawsand Bay, when his father left him alone in the boat, whilst he went on shore to get something to drink: that, being cold and tired, he laid himself down, and drawing the sail over him, fell asleep. The surf running high on the beach, took the boat off, and he never awoke till he was tossing up and down a hundred yards from the beach. Then he put up his sail, and tried to get back again; but the gale blowing hard against him, it was soon shivered to pieces, and his oars had gone overboard. The waves had carried him past three other ships, which did not seem to have it in their power to render him any assistance. Poor fellow! he was very grateful for what had been done for him, and thanked the ship's crew over and over again for having saved his life. But he could do nothing but think of his poor mother; and grieve at what she was suffering; and he sadly lamented she could not know of his safety. The captain ordered him dry clothes, and every care to be taken of him."

"During all this time we were working hard at the pumps; and it was not

before five in the next morning, the storm abated and we were again in safety. This was Christmas day; and that morning, which was one of rejoicing to the whole Christian world, was doubly so to us; for, by the mercy of a gracious Providence, our own lives had been wonderfully preserved, and we had been permitted, under Him, to save that of a fellow creature also."

"In the mean time the distressed mother of the boy had gone on board (regardless of the storm) the three ships mentioned by him. They had all seen him pass; but unable themselves to give him any help, they did not suppose he could have it from others, and told her, that both he and his boat must have gone to the bottom. The poor broken hearted mother had ventured her own life to learn something of her child, and returned again to her now miserable home. The *Temeraire* lay so far out to sea, so much beyond the other ships, that there seemed no hope of his having reached it: yet her boat was once more put out to sea; and when she got to us, she beheld her son in safety, standing on deck by the captain. She did not speak one word, but fell, as we thought, dead at his feet; when she did recover from her fit, who can ever forget her tears, and her thanksgivings to the preservers of her child? After she had had some refreshment, she departed from the ship, and her son with her. We had then no money; but we promised that, when we were paid off, we would give the boy a present. We did not forget it; but collecting the sum of eight pounds five shillings and sixpence, we bought him a new boat, and christened it the *Temeraire Johnson*."

Other voyages in the Mediterranean and elsewhere do not furnish aught to arrest our advance to the principal adventures of our Author, of which the scene opens at Bassora on the river Euphrates, whither (as has been stated) he accompanied Captain the Hon J. Ashley Maude.

"In the afternoon of the 27th of January 1816 (he tells us) I was ordered by the captain to prepare for an expedition; to provide a month's spirits and provisions, with plenty of spare

flints and ammunition, and two pair of pistols; together with my own musket bayonet, and sword."

They sailed up the river in a Turkish boat, manned by Turks and Arabs; together with a black servant hired for the service and acting as interpreter. At the mouth of the Tigris they were almost compelled to land and partake of refreshment.

"The governor of the place entered with his attendants, all of them very richly dressed in silks. They all sat down on the ground together; and the coffee was brought in and handed round in small cups, very like the shape of egg-cups, without either sugar or milk, which is the way they always drink it in this country. I never could consider this as a meal; and I thought to myself, as they were handing it about, how much better it is in our own country, if one meets with an old friend, to go to an inn and get a jug of ale. I was very unwilling, indeed, to drink my coffee at the same time with the captain and the colonel; but the latter desired I would do so, or, he said, they would take it as an offence; for here they made no distinction between master and servant.

"We now (continues our authority with characteristic simplicity) proceeded to the Tigris, and going on shore the next morning, as usual, we saw a large body of people at a distance, but coming towards us. So we hastened back to the boat, and disguised ourselves in the Turkish dress; for those wild Arabs have a great aversion to the sight of a hat. But they very well knew that we were Europeans. Now in this river there is no tide; but the water is always running downwards, and that and the wind were both against us the remainder of our passage. We were obliged always to have six men on shore, four hours at a time both night and day. They were so frightened at the Arabs, who tried to stop the boat, that they jumped into the water, and came into her for safety. These savages would gladly put a European to death, so much do they hate those of the Christian religion. They said, that if we would give them (as was their custom to have) some pepper and a bag of dates, they would let us pass



unmolested. The captain declared they should have nothing. Then they swore that they would take our flesh as meat for their dogs, and our blood to wash their hands with. This terrified the interpreter, and the boat's crew still more, when he repeated it to them; so that they gave privately, out of their own share of provisions, a bag of dates. We hauled out again into the middle of the river, when they called out for powder and flints; but the captain was still determined that they should not get the better of him. Then they began to pelt large stones at us, and pointed their spears, as if resolved on our deaths. To escape from them, we went over to the other side of the river, and found ourselves worse off than ever; for we were now nearly close to a town, inhabited by a people quite as bad as themselves. They knew this, and began to sing out all at once; when the people in the town hearing them, came running in crowds, giving those on shore scarcely time to reach the boat, which we hauled again into the middle of the river, but could not pull up, the current running down so strong. The river was at this part too wide for the stones to reach us; but still they kept throwing them, and spitting and showing their hatred every way they could do, but made no attempt to fire. Had they done so, the captain declared it should have been returned to them, as we had more ammunition than they could possibly have. I do not think they had any at all, or they would have fired long before. In this uncomfortable situation we continued till the sun was nearly setting; when they all ran away, that they might go to prayers before it was down, being in such a pretty state of mind for devotion.

"This was a truly savage country, and a sad way for a true Welchman to spend St. David's day in, this being the first of March 1815. In all parts of the world, and under all dangers and troubles, I never forget this, the day of the saint of my own country; even if I had only a glass of grog extraordinary, being something to mark it from other days. I was thinking of this, in no very pleasant humour, when one of the fel-

lows again came running down to the boat, which was close on shore, and began abusing and spitting at me in particular. So, fixing my bayonet on my musket, I jumped on shore, and made a charge towards him. But the Turks, fearing that I should kill him, which would draw down the vengeance of the rest upon us, began to sing out at such a rate, that the captain, who was in the cabin, ran out to see what was the matter, and, calling me back, was going to give me a sharp reprimand for leaving the boat without his leave. His anger, however, was soon removed; for I told him that no true Welchman could ever refuse a challenge made him on St. David's day; and to this the captain seemed readily to agree.

"Now night came on, and the wild beasts in the woods, on each side of the river, began to bellow and roar so incessantly, that we could get no sleep. We found it very dismal indeed; and glad enough we were when day-light appeared. We went on shore, and we discovered, close to the water's edge, the marks of a lion's paws, and also those of other animals: the size of the lion's feet were as large as the crown of my hat, and the claws had sunk deep in the sand. Soon after, in going thro' the woods, we saw an immense wild turkey, which I shot: the head stood four feet off the ground; and the captain kept the wings, and the long feathers from the back, as curiosities in his cabin, being as long as peacock's feathers.

"In the afternoon of the same day we saw a monstrous grey lion, walking about very quietly, on a small plain close to us."

Pursuing his adventurous course, we are amused with many curious stories, which we quote hap-hazard, as there are few landmarks and no determinations of latitude to guide us to the precise scene alluded to.

"At this part of the river, as in many places, the current runs so strong as to break down the banks of it; and this brings to view the foundation of houses, built with large, flat stones. We saw also vessels shaped like an urn; and, from the account of an old man, they served as coffins; for in former times they used to burn the bodies of the dead,

and, putting the ashes into those urns, buried them in the ground. We dug up several, and all of them entire. We broke them open; and the inside seemed to have been covered with a kind of varnish, resembling the glazing of our earthenware in England.

"Now the night came on so very dark, that we were obliged to make the boat fast under the wood, by the river side. I really want words to express what I endured at that time, lying under the wood in the boat, and the weather so intensely cold. But of that I scarcely seemed any longer to be sensible, so unceasing and so terrible were the roarings and bellowings of the lionesses and their whelps, with the noise of other unknown animals; but above all, the cries of the jackalls, (the most distressing of all sounds to the human ear,) sometimes like the cries of a child, or rather like a person in the greatest agony. All these dreadful and unceasing sounds, joined to the roaring of the storm through the woods, produced such an effect on my mind as no language can describe. I expected every instant that some wild beast would spring upon me, so near did I hear them to me. That night, in particular, I never shall forget; for I thought I should have lost my senses thro' terror.

"On the following day we went on shore, and met no person; but found the bones and feathers of some large bird, which appeared to have been devoured the night before. We walked several miles, and returned to the boat to breakfast. After that, the gentlemen were wondering what we could get for dinner, as we had expected, in our walk, to have met with some one of whom we could have bought a kid. Whilst they were talking about it, a fish, of five or six pounds leaped out of the water into the boat. This put me in mind of a part of the Apocrypha, where it is related, in the sixth chapter of the book of Tobit, that he had sent his son Tobias, with an angel on a journey, and they came to the river Tigris and lodged; and when Tobias went down to the river to wash himself, there was a fish leaped out at him, and he thought it would have devoured him. But the angel told him to bring it up, and gave him a strict

charge to keep the heart, the liver, and the gall; but the rest was dressed for their use. Now it is not impossible, but as this is the same river, that it might be at this very spot that the fish leaped out at Tobias. Some people would, perhaps ridicule such a thought; but in such a place, and with my Bible for a companion it came very naturally to me.

"This day turned out, very unexpectedly, quite a feasting one to us; for, in a short time after, a man came running through the woods, calling to us to stop, for he had something to sell. He was followed by eight others, one of them having a large deer flung across his shoulders, which we bought for two piastres, about three shillings English money. This was, indeed, a prize; and the colonel's cook, a black man named Passoa, was desired to skin it, and dress a part for dinner. The captain desired me to give each of the men a flint and some powder. I did so, and they went away; but at the next turn of the river, who should come to us, disguised, as they fancied, but those very fellows, swearing that if we did not come close in shore, and give them ammunition they would kill every one of us. This plainly proved that, had all those we met, had powder and shot, we should long since have been dead men.

"We crossed over at one o'clock in the morning; for the weather was very calm, although quite dark. The men on shore pulled us up, and on a sandy beach, where not the least noise was heard by their feet. The foremost man, before he could see it, struck against a lion: there were three of them drinking together. The man, dreadfully alarmed, plunged into the water, screaming at a great rate; whilst the lions, seemingly as much frightened in their turn, ran to the woods, roaring as they went. Had the night not been so dark, how easily could they have sprung after the men and devoured them. Indeed, it was what I expected every night, when we left the ship, either to be devoured by some ravenous beast, or murdered by these wild Arabs. They were very numerous in these places, at this time of the year, being obliged, on account of the rainy season, to leave the high country and to come down into the low."



Below Bagdad, they seemed to have committed sacrilege on a Mahometan tomb which poor Rees takes for the "famous temple of Sion"!—On nearing Bagdad, a sad accident befel him. The Turks having saluted the boat with three guns, he was directed to fire a small ten-pounder in answer to the compliment, but the gun was in such a state that it blew out a part of the touch-hole and grievously mutilated our engineer.

-- "In a moment (he says) the fore-part of my coat, waistcoat, and hat, were on fire: my face and hair were also burnt; and not having been shaved for some days, and with a beard growing fast in such a climate, I was singed like a joint for roasting. ---- I did not seem sensible of the injury I had received, until the blood gushed out from my eyelids; and the next moment my sight was entirely gone. The colonel led me to the cabin, and got brandy to bathe my eyes; but it was of no use, for a great swelling came on, and yet the bleeding did not stop. It is not to be described the agony which I endured. There was at this time in Bagdad a regiment of Sepoys, the last which is so far up into the country; and they have a European doctor to attend them. So to him the captain sent me directly, and his black servant to take care of me, for he was acquainted with the place. But after leading me into some wide street, or square, he ran away from me, and went to visit some friends of his own. I was not long alone: a mob of Turks gathered round me, making a great noise, and gibberish in a language, of which I did not understand a word; whilst I kept singing out, "Jack! Jack!" which was the name of the black. But no Jack was near me. Then came two stout fellows, and putting their arms round me, tried to drag me with them; but knowing that I was fighting for my life, I got strength to push them away. The mob then began to press fast upon me; and they were trying to tie my arms and my legs; but making good use of my hands, and kicking backwards and forwards, I contrived to keep a little ring to myself. This could not last long. My strength was exhausted,

my eyes and face in great agony. But at the very instant I was yielding to my murderers, for such I knew they would be, I heard a voice, (oh, what music it was to my ears!) sing out, in English, "Is that a European?" I answered, "Yes! yes! come to me directly!" So they pushed through the crowd; and feeling that they had hats and jackets on, I clung to them, and would not let them stir from me. Nor, indeed, did they intend to do it, but led me to the doctor's, at whose house they were staying. They were four sailors, belonging to the *Persia*, of New York, then lying at Bassora; and having been at Bagdad a few days before us, for a cargo of morecco, they were walking through the street, when, by the kind direction of Providence, when they came to the place where I was in the very last extremity. They declared that my escape had been the greatest of all wonders; for that the doctor had given them a strict charge never to stir out alone, but always to keep together, as the Turks had such a hatred to all Europeans, they would think it a good action to destroy any one of them."

Leaving him under the Doctor's charge, Capt. Maude went to Babylon; Rees regretted much his inability to go with him, and tells a very extraordinary instance of sagacity in a Newfoundland dog, which was left him as a companion. Having occasion to move from his chamber in the night-time, and being unattended, he relates—

-- "I took the dog by the collar, to grope my way as well as I could. I knew he would be a guard, for every one was afraid of him. I went down four steps, and then had to ascend again before we came into the strait passage. As I had been led there several times, I found my way very well; but, on returning, by some means missed it. I knew not what to do; but supposing I was at the steps where I had to go down, I was putting my foot forward for that very purpose, when this faithful dog threw himself against my legs. The more I tried to push him away, the harder he pressed and growled. I had then the presence of mind to consider that he might know I was going wrong, and therefore thought I would

not oppose him. Seating myself, therefore, for the remainder of the night, he laid himself quietly at my feet till the morning, when the Sepoys' trumpeter came to blow for day-light. He discovered me, and asked me what I could be doing up there. I told him I was afraid, by the action of the dog, that I had taken a wrong turn. He said, so I had; and that if I would take hold of the dog, so that he would not fly at him, he would come and lead me to my room, for he knew who I was. He said, had I gone a few steps further, I should have fallen down the castle-wall, to a great depth."

Having recovered his sight, Rees set out for Babylon.

"We crossed (continues the narrative) the bridge of boats, and proceeded towards an extensive plain at no great distance from Bagdad. As we went along, I remarked that the crows, shaped as they were like those of England, were marked black and white, like our magpies. But things of greater importance engaged all my thoughts, when I found myself on the plain of Shinar. At this place the doctor's servant threw himself on his knees, and as plain as he could do it by his actions, (for we did not know a word of each other's language,) expressed that, many thousand years ago, a great king had there eaten grass for seven years, his nails and his hair growing all the time. I knew that he meant Nebuchadnezzar; for these people are acquainted with all our Bible history, though they have such hatred to the religion which it teaches.

"The first object to which I had been directed, was what I had been assured was the tomb of Zebedee. It was not unlike, in form, some of the steeples in England. There was nothing remarkable about it, excepting the singular circumstance of its having been so many years kept up. Not far from it was the tomb of Mahomet. A kind of spire was raised at each end, with gold balls at top.

"A large building, as far as my eyes could reach, was pointed out to me, as being the Tower of Babel. The size and the height were so great, that it was seen from all parts of that country. The form was like a sugar-loaf. I

took a sketch of that, as well as of the tombs of Zebedee and Mahomet. Doing this, added to the effect of the sun, brought on such a return of pain to my eyes, that I felt myself entirely unequal to a ride of nearly thirty miles; so that I was obliged to return back again to Bagdad.

"When the captain arrived, he was very glad to find my eyes so much better than he expected; and, knowing how fond I was of such things, he had, with great kindness, taken the trouble to have some bricks got for me from the Tower of Babel. They were fourteen inches square; and in the centre of each were several unknown letters, perhaps the language of the world before the confusion of tongues; yet this is only a conjecture of my own.

"Jack was turned away for his inhuman treatment of me; when we took our farewell of Bagdad, and went again on board the boat."

Their descent of the Tigris, of course, does not possess the novelty of their ascent. They returned to Bombay, but being again despatched to the Persian Gulf, they visited Muscat, Bushire, and Ormus, from the latter of which they sailed, with Mr. Bruce the Resident, for the island of Bahrein, in order to negotiate a peace between the natives and the Imaum of Muscat. This accomplished, they went back to Bushire, and thence on the 5th of August commenced an excursion by land for Shiraz, Shapour, &c.

At Delakee they met

- - - "a gentleman from Scotland, of the name of Armstrong. His wife, who was of the Armenian religion, was also with him. He was now on his way from Bengal to the court of the king of Persia, in whose service he had been, as a caster of great guns; but the king refusing to pay him what was due to him, (being some thousands of rupees short of it,) he left him, and going to Bengal, sued the Persian government for it. In the mean time the Russians declared war against Persia. The Persians then sent for Mr. Armstrong back again, engaging to pay him all that was owing to him, his travelling expenses, and many hundred rupees more than he had demanded when



there before. A man so clever and so useful, they were glad to get back again at any rate."

After staying some time at Shiraz the party visited Persepolis, of one of the ruins of which Rees gives a very naïve account. *Ex. gr.*

"On the following day we discovered several statues of kings and their horses, of an immense size. The smallest part of the horses' legs were as large round as my body, and yet every part was well proportioned: the manes, the tails, and even the nails on the shoes, were as finely carved, and as plain to be seen, as if they had only been just finished. So in respect to the riders exactly the same: their form and features, even their finger-nails, were so naturally done, that I never saw any thing like it. I struck them several times with my hammer, but it sprung back as if it had been against cast iron. Some of those figures, it is said, were intended for Alexander the Great; but some of the horses are placed head to head, as if engaging in combat; whilst one figure, on horseback, was holding in his hand a large roll of paper.

"Near to all these were caverns, about half up the mountain, cut in the form of a wide, low door; and we may, indeed, learn from the Scriptures, that kings and their armies did flee to these caves or strong holds for protection, and could never be taken.

"Now all these pillars and statues were exactly measured by Mr. Armstrong and myself, whilst the captain wrote it all down; and I think the sight of this wonderful place will never be out of my memory."

Taking a round on their way back to Shiraz, our author says,

"- - - "We at last reached the plain of Maschaw, celebrated for having the tomb of Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon. This tomb is, in fact, a small house or room, with a low door to it. Six steps form a square, on which it stands and each of these steps are four feet high. The floor is covered with inscriptions, and there are several also on the side-walls; but no person has ever been able to translate them, being in a language now unknown. We

found a line placed entirely across the room, and on this the visitors hang a strip of some part of their dress, which they fancy will bring a blessing on them. This building is in the midst of a burying-ground, yet no town or village is near; but people are often brought from a great distance to be interred there, on account of this wonderful tomb. Near it we also observed two large, upright stones: the ends lying close together, a hollow was formed between them; and an old man who was there, quite entreated us to pass through, as a means of securing us all our life from having any injury; but giving no credit to such nonsense, we did not try the experiment."

"We went every morning to the boxing-school, where, before each battle, a priest repeats a prayer, which appeared very singular.

"We were also taken to see an old castle in the city, with a tower at each end, and doors leading from them to apartments under-ground, of such vast extent, that, it is said, that they will contain two hundred thousand men. Thus an enemy, on entering, might think the place had been abandoned, and yet in a few minutes might be surrounded by a large army.

"After a stay of twelve days, we took a last leave of our obliging friends, and departed from the magnificent city of Shiraz, Mr. Williams being also in our company."

But it is full time for us to leave this volume to its fate, which for the reasons we have adduced, will, we trust, be a fortunate one. The little order we have observed in quoting from it, has not been undesigned; for our purpose was to show the author in his own colours, rather than to digest information more intelligently supplied by abler pens. Should any of our readers think we have devoted too much of our space to our Review, we are persuaded they will also forgive the trespass when they reflect how rarely the opportunity (mentioned in our exordium) is presented, and yet how pleasant a duty it is, for a Reviewer to mingle the words of criticism with the works of mercy.

[We present the conclusion of the very interesting comparison of two Mahometan Nations, commenced in our last.]

# MANNERS OF THE MODERN TURKS AND PERSIANS DESCRIBED.

(Monthly Magazine, August.)

**I**N commercial transactions the Turk is just, and rarely breaks his word: the Persian barter his oath like any other commodity. We read in Plato and Herodotus, that the ancient Persians had a horror of lying: how much their descendants have degenerated! The Persians of the present day are the most lying people upon earth. They are accustomed in their infancy to dissimulate, to reply pertly when they are called to account or reprimanded, and to get out of a scrape by means of subterfuges: every lie is blameless in their eyes which tends to their interest. The dogmas of their sect authorize them to dissemble and to lie when they are in a foreign country, where they must conceal their faith, and not allow themselves to disclose those things which they have most at heart. It may be judged, then, how far ignorance and wickedness can stretch this religious precept. Our love for truth, and horror for lying, excited their astonishment. A person of the highest rank at the Persian court one day testified his surprise to a French agent in the following words:—"What, not mix a little falsehood with affairs? That appears to me impossible; I cannot conceive how they can be managed without lying." He then added, in a low voice, "Truth has its merit, however, and we who lie five hundred times a-day are not perhaps any the forwarder for it." Cunning and deceitful, the Persian is never afraid to break his engagements. When he keeps his word, it is only because it is impossible to do otherwise. He will leave no means untried to evade it; and he easily finds false witnesses to assist him in cases of difficulty. This sort of people are still more common in Persia than in Turkey, where they are nevertheless common enough. The crime of theft, which is very rare among the Ottomans, is frequent with the Persians, who commit it without scruple.

The Turk is covetous; he loves money; but in this he only resembles oth-

er nations. The Persian carries this passion to the extreme. In Persia, the smallest service can be obtained only by gold. The great men of the state are here distinguished from the populace by their more bare-faced cupidity, and the most odious avarice. A superior cannot be approached without a present, especially when his protection is sought for. The Persian is so thoroughly imbued with this way of thinking, that, whenever I arrived in a capital, I was asked if I had something to offer to the governor.

The Turk is very magnificent in his presents, when guided by ostentation, gratitude, or humanity. But the hands of the Persian, always open to receive, are never open to give: when he cannot do otherwise than give, his gifts are confined within very narrow limits. He ruins himself only in promises, and in these he may, indeed, be said to be munificent. If you extol the beauty of a horse, a sabre, or any other article, he immediately says, "*I give it you.*" If you are delighted with a field bearing a rich crop, or with a smiling valley, he says, "*I make you a present of it.*" But this is all mere ceremony, and never turns out to mean anything. The Spaniards have the same custom, which they have no doubt derived from the Arabs.

The Persians and Turks, like all the rest of the Asiatics, are unacquainted with that refined and delicate love which constitutes the happiness of civilized man. They are constantly under the influence of jealousy, arising from their suspicious disposition, and the idea of their own superiority. The majority of them look upon their wives as the slaves of their desires and caprices, and as designed only to perpetuate the species. Contempt produces distrust, and distrust gives rise to jealousy. The women cannot go abroad without being entirely veiled. Lodged in an insulated apartment, known by the name of *harem*, (which we improperly call *se-*



*raglio*,\*) they are allowed to receive their intimate female friends, and sometimes pass several days without seeing their husband; to whom they then send his meals in the saloon. The promenade, the bath, musicians, dancers, and games, are the pleasures which the women of the East procure in order to pass away their time agreeably. They also enjoy the company of their father's and their husband's male relations, and that of a few old neighbours. Fond of repose and tranquillity, they are in a great measure occupied with the affairs of their household, in which they have despotic sway; so that a husband would not dare to discharge a domestic without their consent. The power which they have over his children is also very great; they have the entire care of their education, and the right of marrying them. It seems that both the laws and the custom in these countries have wished to make some amends to the women for the privations which in other matters they are obliged to suffer.

I can hardly believe that the Persians and the Ottomans in general experience those endearments of conjugal love which render the wife a comforter in distress, a friend partaking of our pleasures and our pains. How, indeed, can a woman conceive a profound attachment for her husband, when she knows that there are others under the same roof who are honoured with the same title as herself, or concubines admitted to share his bed?

The number of wives is limited by the law to four. The Persians take a fifth for a certain time; after which she is loaded with presents, and set at liberty. This sort of marriage is called *muttah*: these women may be compared to kept mistresses in Europe, the only difference being, that in Persia such contracts are made public, and are not dishonourable.

Some travellers have extolled the beauty of the Persian women, and especially those of the province of Yezd: there are, indeed, pretty women in these as in all other countries. The Georgian blood which is spread throughout Per-

sia causes the children to be born with remarkable features, but they lose them entirely as they advance in age; and I believe that the Turkish blood is in general purer than the Persian. There are not amongst the Persian women any of those elegant shapes which are to be seen amongst our European females. The charms of the former, it is true, being entirely concealed by the manner in which they are dressed, cannot be precisely estimated. Accustomed to the sight of robes displaying graceful forms, I could not help fancying I saw in the Persian females only animated masses, resembling so many indistinct shades.

Their head is adorned with a fillet or a cap of greater or less value, the form of which they vary according to their taste: they frequently cover it with a shawl, which they dispose in a thousand different ways. The wives of the people wear only a plain black handkerchief about their head. Their hair flows in tresses behind; and before it are turned back over the forehead some ringlets, falling negligently down each side upon the cheeks. The shift which they wear reaches to the waist, and is of red silk or white cotton; tied with a string that passes over the shoulders, it hides the palpitations, sighs, and movements of a bosom enervated by the vapour-baths habitually taken by both sexes in the east. The gown or robe is open before, being closed only over the breast by means of loops, or of small gold, silver, or silk-covered buttons. This robe is also confined round the body by an embroidered girdle, adorned in front with a plate of gold or silver. The wives of the common people tie round them a Kerman shawl, or some other of less value, of silk or cotton, manufactured in their own country. The Persian women, as well as the men, wear very wide silk or cotton drawers. They, as well as the men, wear none but short knitted stockings, woollen or cotton, of various colours. The women wear on their feet a sort of slippers, some of which have high heels, and others are flat and shod with iron at the point; they are made of horse or goat skin, prepared and died green or red.

None of the women can appear in the street uncovered. The face is con-

\* *Serail*, or rather *serai*, is said not of the harem, but of the whole palace. The house of a Persian lord, though he have no apartment for women, is nevertheless called *serai*.

cealed by a cotton veil, in which are made two little openings for the eyes. The whole body is wrapped in a sort of white shroud. The wives of the common people also make use of cotton stuff; but it is chequered white and black, and is of Persian manufacture.

Such is the general dress of the women. They make use of additional embellishments, according to the means and the liberality of their husbands. The heads and necks of these ladies sparkle with pearls and precious stones, their fingers are loaded with rings, and to their arms are attached bracelets enriched with jewels.

The dress of the men has not the imposing and majestic air which characterises that of the Turks. The shirt, of red silk or white cotton, is not open at the breast like ours, but at the side; it is fastened with a button or lace, and reaches only to the waist. The breeches are wide, and nearly resemble our pantaloons. The Persians never wear a cravat, even on the severest days of winter. Upon the shirt they put a garment, which descends half-way down the thigh; it covers the breast, and is tied with two strings. Over this first habit they wear a second of silk, red, green, or of some other colour, of very close texture, open before, and decorated on each side with a row of buttons of gold or silver thread; the sleeves are slit in front, and likewise buttoned. They tie round the waist a Kerman shawl, or one of more common quality; and all, except the *mirzas*, fasten to it a kind of *khanjar* or knife.

Most of the rich cover themselves in winter with a kind of pelisse of sheepskin, lined with the wool of the same animal. The principal nobles of the court wear black fox, martin, and other furs. The common people have a cloth great-coat, with slit sleeves.

All the Persians indiscriminately, from the king down to the meanest of his subjects, wear on the head a cap of lamb or sheep skin, surmounted by a bit of red cloth or printed cotton. Each tribe is distinguished by the particular form which it gives to the upper part of this head-dress. A Cashemir shawl is wrapped about the cap when its wearer makes his appearance at court.

The Persians shave their heads, leaving only two locks of hair behind the ears. In Persia, Musselmans, Jews, Armenians, all let their beards grow. They frequently dye them black or red, so that a white one is seldom seen. This is a coquetry to which the old men are very eager to resort. These people attach great importance to the length of their beard: it will hardly be believed, that the first eulogium they bestow on Feth-Ali-Shah relates to the length of his beard. It is certainly remarkably long, as it descends to his waist.

The Persian architecture is more regular and elegant than that of the Turks; it appears to me to owe its origin to the taste which these people have always had for a wandering life. Every house has a garden, or at least a court, planted with trees. The apartments, of which the pictures form the only ornament, are very neat: their furniture consists only of a thick carpet laid upon the floor, and extending the whole length of the room; around are felts, which are narrower and finer, upon which they sit. The Persians are unacquainted with the pleasure of lying at ease upon a sofa; their luxury is more in imagination than in reality. They have no idea of those elegant apartments which the refinement or the superfluities of life has in Europe. Their chambers have windows ornamented with coloured glass; outside, and in front of them, is hung a kind of shade, to moderate the heat of the sun within the apartment, which is open on all sides, and is entered by lifting a *perdek* or carpet, that serves as a door. The reception-chambers, decorated with pictures, very much resemble tents. Nothing can be more cool and agreeable than these serails, disposed on the banks of rivulets, and surrounded with verdant trees.

The luxury of the ancient Persians was unbounded: that of the Persians of the present day is far from equaling it; it is even inferior to that of the Turks. For what are the garments worn by the former when compared with the rich mohair pelisses, or the flowing vests of magnificent cloth in which the Ottomans are habited. The Persians perhaps keep more horses in their stables



than their neighbours do ; but the harness is more magnificent in Turkey than in Persia. The Persian contents himself with having a numerous train of domestics behind him when he goes abroad, for pleasure or to pay a visit. The great man goes on horseback, and his servants follow on foot.

The Persians are much more voluptuous and refined in their pleasures than the Turks. After a repast, they frequently have perfumed water brought them to wash their hands in. When they go abroad for pleasure, they always carry with them sweetmeats, ices, and sherbet. There are few Persians who go a journey without their galeoun, and a brasier to light it. They do not smoke for so long a time as the Turks, who never lay aside the pipe until the tobacco is consumed ; but renew this enjoyment more frequently, taking only a few whiffs each time. When they drink it is from a vase of the richest and most transparent porcelain, in which there is always put a certain quantity of ice.

Notwithstanding their extreme sensuality, the Persians are more temperate than the Turks. The great men in Persia are very nice in the article of cookery ; they have roast-meats and high-seasoned dishes. But the ordinary meal at mid-day consists only of a ragout, together with *yoghaurt* (a kind of sour milk), preserves, or sweetmeats, of which this people are particularly fond, and in the preparation of which they excel. For supper they have a *pilau*, which they prepare in various ways. Their drink is vinegar, the juice of the pomegranate, citron, or barberry, or curdled milk, diluted with water. The Persians and Turks of the present day are not, as their forefathers were, rigid observers of the precepts which forbids the drinking of wine. Nevertheless, those who transgress are still obliged to do it in secret. In every part of Persia where the vine grows, the Armenians and Jews make the wine, and sell it to the Persians. The Turks are more addicted than their neighbours to the vice of drunkenness.

The little freedom of manners, the jealousy of the men, and the rigorous seclusion of the women, gave rise in

Persia and Turkey to the establishment of public places for smoking and taking coffee. These establishments were become in Persia houses of debauchery. An end was at last put to these shameful disorders by the severe decrees of the government ; the places were undoubtedly abolished, on account of the troubles which agitated the empire after its invasion by the Afghans. In Turkey these establishments have been preserved. There the idle go and pass the day in smoking, and in drinking that liquor which so delightfully excites the brain, and quickens every sense. There the men of business spend their hours of relaxation, and the politicians discuss the affairs of state. These places are particularly frequented during the time of the Ramazan.

The Europeans have very exaggerated ideas of the cleanliness of the orientals, to which the ablutions ordered by their religious laws have given rise. But the Persians appeared to me to be still more negligent in this important article than the Turks. Both sexes consider they pay sufficient attention to cleanliness in performing five ablutions a-day, and going to the bath. Imagine a large reservoir of hot water, which is renewed scarcely once in ten days ; and in which men and women at different hours, come to immerse themselves ; and you will have an idea of the vapour-baths in use amongst the Persians. No Christian is permitted to enter them, lest his body should pollute a water which of itself emits a pestilential odour. As an European, I was allowed the use of the bath. I had one day a mind to go into this reservoir, but was quickly repelled by the mephitic vapour rising from it as I approached. It is not thus in Turkey. There Mussulmans and Christians, indiscriminately, are rubbed and washed by a boy who attends the bath, in rooms into which hot and cold water are admitted by different taps, and constantly renewed. The Persian never uses a handkerchief, his fingers serving instead of that article. He carries his filthiness so far, as sometimes to wear the same shirt for a fortnight. Both rich and poor are frequently covered with vermin, which is also seen on their clothes, and on the carpets

in their apartments. It may with truth be said, that the Persian knows cleanliness only by the name.

I conclude this parallel with a reflection which will not, I think, appear a rash one. The Persian, degenerate as he is, might, with wiser and juster laws, and a government less despotic and arbitrary, model his manners after

those of the European nations; but the Turk, notwithstanding he possesses qualities which give him in some respects the advantage over the Persian, will never be able to free himself from his religious and political shackles, and take his place amongst the nations more advanced than his own in civilization.

#### NAPOLÉON IN EXILE ; OR, A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

The Opinions and Reflections of NAPOLÉON

*On the most important Events of his Life and Government, in his own Words.*

BY BARRY E. O'MEARA, his late Surgeon.

[There is but one opinion, we believe, about this publication, namely, that it is a very interesting one. Placed, as the author was, so near Bonaparte, in so many trying and secluded moments of his existence, when even the proudest of human spirits was likely to unbend itself to confidence and familiarity with one on whose kindness he was, in some degree, dependant, in such circumstances and with such a subject it was hardly possible for a man of ordinary capacity to compose an uninteresting diary. Among the sources therefore which the future historian will consult for the means of fully and minutely developing Napoleon's character, it is not conceivable that the present work will be overlooked. There is no doubt that Mr. O'Meara writes with a palpable and strong attachment to the fallen hero, and we will not assume that he is utterly free from either prejudices or inaccuracies. But where shall the materials that are to serve for a life of Napoleon be found that shall be wholly beyond the suspicion of passion or partiality? Mr. O'Meara is the willing and sympathetic reporter of Napoleon's bitterest complaints against those whom he considered as the imposers of unnecessary and vexatious additions to the sufferings of his exile. Of these Sir Hudson Lowe is particularly impeached. Utter strangers as we are to that officer's personal character, except through this channel, and abhorring, as we do, the idea of condemning any accused individual without a full and patient hearing of all that can be said in his behalf, we abstain from rashly deciding on the governor's conduct. We cannot help acknowledging that Mr. O'Meara records restrictions on Napoleon which, to our humble apprehensions, appear to have been unnecessary;—such as debarring him from the perusal of certain newspapers, and some other traits of his treatment: but in a general view of Sir Hudson's conduct, we hold it but common charity to keep in view that his responsibility was awfully anxious, and that the British Cabinet enjoined him a most rigorous and severe system of restraint upon his prisoner. The charge of inhumanity, if it be applicable, we apprehend must go much higher than Sir Hudson Lowe.

In the real and credible picture of human affairs, there is no theme more calculated to excite reflection, than the life and destiny of Napoleon: a man who for nineteen years chained the history of Europe to his biography. It is true that there have been men absurd enough to doubt even of his abilities; but the world has never yet agreed, without some exception, in confessing the talents of great and formidable personages. The pious author of the "Night Thoughts" forgot to render even the Devil his due, when, at the end of one of his cantos, he denominated him a dunce. Generally speaking, however, Napoleon's transcendent genius has been unquestioned. There has been more dispute about his moral intentions and personal worth. Whilst some have believed that it was possible for England at least to have kept at peace with him; to have checked, without extirpating, his power; and to have allowed him to wield it as an useful counterpoise to the tyrannical governments of the Continent: others have regarded him as a malignant spirit, born only for the unhappiness of mankind, and therefore condemned to die on the rock of his imprisonment as justly as any of the Genii in the Arabian Nights was plunged in a sealed-up jar to the bottom of the ocean. In trying to judge between such conflicting opinions, the impartial mind naturally watches with anxiety for every glimpse of his character that can be more or less authenticated—from his deportment in adversity, from the explanations of his past actions and intentions detailed in conversation, and from the expression of speculative opinions that indicate the greatness or the prejudices of his mind. As to his personal character, no hatred that we have ever cherished against his ambition, and no dislike to be ranked among his blind and bigoted admirers, shall deter us from acknowledging the impression produced by Mr. O'Meara's anecdotes to be decidedly in his favour. They attest the sobriety of his habits, the manly fortitude of his mind in setting



about literary pursuits, under circumstances that would have crushed an ordinary spirit to despair, and the dignified tranquillity and cheerfulness, and even the occasional playfulness of his manner, as when he indulged Mr. Balcombe's children in joining their game at blind-man's buff. Let it be said that he grew sullen, truculent, and even abusive to the governor; but let it also be recollected that he was suffering what he at least regarded as a breach of human hospitality, under a burning climate, and when his mortal agonies were making their approach.

Every thing relative to the domestic details of his life at St. Helena must be interesting to the curiosity; but there are many amusing sketches of this kind in the book before us which our limits prevent us from giving even in abridgment, and we shall not consume their scanty space in apologies.]—*New Month. Mag.*

[No work ever appeared in the English language so calculated to detain a person from his bed, or to descend to the latest posterity, as these volumes. They not only contain the strong original opinions of the most extraordinary man that ever lived, but they bring us acquainted with every circumstance of his character. We know the author; and, as we believe him to be a truly honest and conscientious man, so we have no doubt of the substantial correctness of most things which he has narrated. Our extracts are copious; and we hope we have enriched our pages with the most piquant passages; but we could have doubled their number, with equal interest to our readers. Nothing fatigues in two full sized volumes; but we have preferred the parts which relate to European and public topics; and could not abridge, without spoiling their effect, all those details of petty malignity, by which a man, whose name and fame will mark his age, when his enemies are forgotten, was hurried out of life by a system of policy as unnecessary as it was ungenerous. The best excuse is error, for we hope men are not wicked by design; but, as the consequences are not less fatal, how much we ought to cherish free discussion, and listen to the admonitions of bye-standers, before any thing is done, which, if wrong, cannot be recalled.]—*Month. Mag.*

#### PREFACE.

**P**LACED by peculiar circumstances arising from my profession, about the person of the most extraordinary man perhaps of any age, in the most critical juncture of his life, I determined to profit by the opportunities afforded me, as far as I could consistently with honour. The following volumes are the result.

The few alleviations which I had it in my power to offer, Napoleon repaid by the condescension with which he honoured me; and my necessary professional intercourse was soon increased into an intimacy, if I may speak of intimacy with such a personage. In fact, in the seclusion of Longwood, he soon almost entirely laid aside the emperor; with those about him, he conversed familiarly on his past life, and sketched the characters, and detailed the anecdotes, which are presented faithfully to the reader. The unreserved manner in which he spoke of every thing can only be conceived by those who heard him; and, though where his own conduct was questioned, he had a natural human leaning towards himself, still truth appeared to be his principal, if not his only object. In the delineation of character he was peculiarly felicitous. His mind seemed to concentrate its beams on the ob-

ject he wished to elucidate, and its prominent features became instantly discernible.—It may perhaps be only right to add, that some of the observations or arguments on particular subjects were committed to paper from Napoleon's own dictation.

I spoke as little and listened as attentively as I could, seldom interposing, except for the purpose of leading to those facts on which I wished for information. To my memory, though naturally retentive, I did not entirely trust; immediately on retiring from Napoleon's presence, I hurried to my chamber, and carefully committed to paper the topics of conversation, with, so far as I could, the exact words used. Where I had the least doubt as to my accuracy, I marked it in my journal, and by a subsequent recurrence to the topic, when future opportunities offered, I satisfied myself; this, although I have avoided them as much as possible, may account for some occasional repetitions, but I have thought it better to appear sometimes tedious, than ever to run the risk of a mis-statement.

#### LONGWOOD.

Longwood is situated on a plain formed on the summit of a mountain about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea; and including Deadwood, comprises fourteen or fifteen

hundred acres of land, a great part of which is planted with an indigenous tree called gumwood. Upon his return from Longwood, Napoleon proceeded to the Briars, and intimated to Sir George that he would prefer remaining there, until the necessary additions were made to Longwood, to returning to town, provided the proprietor's consent could be obtained. This request was immediately granted. The Briars is the name of an estate romantically situated about a mile and a half from James Town, comprising a few acres of highly cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen gardens, plentifully supplied with water, adorned with many delightful shady walks, and long celebrated for the genuine old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe. About twenty yards from the dwelling-house stood a little pavilion, consisting of one good room on the ground-floor, and two garrets, which Napoleon, not willing to cause any inconvenience to the family of his host, selected for his abode. In the lower room his camp-bed was put up, and in this room he ate, slept, read, and dictated a portion of his eventful life. Las Casas and his son were accommodated in one of the garrets above, and Napoleon's premier valet de chambre, and others of his household, slept in the other, and upon the floor in the little hall opposite the entrance of the lower room. At first his dinner was sent ready cooked from the town; but afterwards, Mr. Balcombe found means to get a kitchen fitted up for his use.

Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, one about twelve and the other fifteen years of age, and two boys of five or six. The young ladies spoke French fluently, and Napoleon frequently dropt in to play a rubber of whist or hold a little *conversazione*. On one occasion he indulged them by participating in a game of blindman's-buff, very much to the amusement of the young ladies.—Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his situation.

#### MURAT AND NEY.

Some short time after his arrival at Longwood, I communicated to him the

news of Murat's death. He heard it with calmness; and immediately demanded, if he had perished on the field of battle? At first I hesitated to tell him that his brother-in-law had been executed like a criminal. On his repeating the question, I informed him of the manner in which Murat had been put to death, which he listened to without any change of countenance. I also communicated the intelligence of the death of Ney. 'He was a brave man, nobody more so; but he was a mad man,' said he. 'He has died without having the esteem of mankind. He betrayed me at Fontainebleau: the proclamation against the Bourbons, which he said in his defence I caused to be given him, was written by himself, and I never knew any thing about that document until it was read to the troops. It is true, that I sent him orders to obey me. What could he do? His troops abandoned him. Not only the troops, but the people wished to join me.'

#### MISS WILLIAMS.

I had lent him Miss Williams's "Present State of France," to read. Two or three days afterwards he said to me, while dressing, 'That is a vile production of that lady of yours. It is a heap of falsehoods. This,' opening his shirt, and shewing his flannel waistcoat, 'is the only coat of mail I ever wore. My hat lined with steel too! There is the hat I wore,' pointing to the one he always carried. 'Oh, she has doubtless been well paid for all the malice and the falsehoods she has poured forth.'

#### HIS HABITS.

Napoleon's hours of rising were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours.—When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of



light might pass; although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad day-light. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time; or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case, *à la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors, as, by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high seasoned or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bedroom at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*), he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time.

I have also been informed by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

ST. HELENA.

'In this *isola maladetta*,' said he, 'there is neither sun nor moon to be seen for the greater part of the year. Constant rain and fog. It is worse than Capri. Have you ever been at Capri?' continued he. I replied in the affirmative. 'There,' said he, 'you can have every thing you want from the continent in a few hours.' He afterwards made a few remarks on some absurd falsehoods which had been published in the ministerial papers respecting him; and asked if it were 'possible that the English could be so foolishly credulous as to believe all the stuff we published about him.'

ADMIRAL COCKBURN.

'He is not,' said he, 'a man of a bad heart; on the contrary, I believe him to be capable of a generous action; but he is rough, overbearing, vain, choleric, and capricious; never consulting any body; jealous of his authority; caring little for the manner in which he exercises it, and sometimes violent without dignity.'

FEEES.

He then asked me many questions about the relative price of articles in England and St. Helena, and concluded by asking if I took any fees for attending sick people on the island. I replied in the negative, which seemed to surprise him. 'Corvisart,' said he, 'notwithstanding his being my first physician, possessed of great wealth, and in the habit of receiving many rich presents from me, constantly took a Napoleon for each visit he paid to the sick. In your country particularly every man has his trade: the member of parliament takes money for his vote, the ministers for their places, the lawyers for their opinion.'

CHRONOMETERS.

'How shameful it is,' said he, 'for your government to put three or four hundred men on board of a ship destined for this place without a chronometer, thereby running the risk of a ship and cargo, of the value perhaps of half

a million, together with the lives of so many *poveri diavoli*, for the sake of saving three or four hundred francs for a watch. I,' continued he, 'ordered that every ship employed in the French service should be supplied with one. It is a weakness in your government not to be accounted for.' He then asked me if it were true that a court of inquiry was then holding upon some officer for having made too free with the bottle. 'Is it a crime,' added he, 'for the English to get drunk, and will a court martial be the consequence? for, if that were the case, you would have nothing but court martials every day. — was a little merry on board every day after dinner.' I observed that there was a wide difference between being merry and getting drunk. He laughed, and repeated what he had said relative to court martials. 'Is it true,' said he, 'then, that they are sending out a house and furniture for me, as there are so many lies in your newspapers, that I have my doubts, especially as I have heard nothing about it officially?'

#### VISIT IN HIS BED-ROOM.

It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surface. Two small windows, without pullies, looking towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederick the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in

the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case, with green blinds, stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place an old-fashioned sofa, covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trowsers and stockings all in one. A chequered red madrass upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa, facing him, was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin, and water-jug of the same metal, in the left-hand corner.

Napoleon, after a few questions of no importance, asked me, in both French and Italian, in the presence of Count Las Cases, the following questions:—'You know that it was in consequence of my application that you were appointed to attend upon me.—Now I want to know from you, precisely and truly, as a man of honour, in what situation you conceive yourself to be, whether as my surgeon, as M. Maingaud was, or the surgeon of a prison-ship and prisoners? Whether you have orders to report every trifling oc-



currence, or illness, or what I say to you, to the governor? Answer me candidly; What situation do you conceive yourself to be in?" I replied, "As your surgeon, and to attend upon you and your suite. I have received no other orders, than to make an immediate report in case of your being taken seriously ill, in order to have promptly the advice and assistance of other physicians." "First obtaining my consent to call in others," demanded he; "is it not so?" I answered, "that I would certainly obtain his previous consent." He then said, "If you were appointed as surgeon to a prison, and to report my conversations to the governor, whom I take to be *un capo di spioni*, I would never see you again. Do not," continued he, (on my replying that I was placed about him as a surgeon, and by no means as a spy,) "suppose that I take you for a spy; on the contrary, I have never had the least occasion to find fault with you, and I have a friendship for you, and an esteem for your character, a greater proof of which I could not give you than asking you candidly your own opinion of your situation; as you, being an Englishman, and paid by the English government, might perhaps be obliged to do what I have asked." I replied as before said, and that in my professional capacity I did not consider myself to belong to any particular country. "If I am taken seriously ill," said he, "then acquaint me with your opinion, and ask my consent to call in others. This governor, during the few days that I was melancholy, and had a mental affliction in consequence of the treatment I receive, which prevented me from going out, in order that I might not ennuyer others with my afflictions, wanted to send his physician to me, under the pretext of inquiring after my health. I desired Bertrand to tell him, that I had not sufficient confidence in his physician to take any thing from his hands. That if I were really ill, I would send for you, in whom I have confidence, but that a physician was of no use in such cases, and that I only wanted to be left alone. I understand that he proposed an officer should enter my chamber to see me, if I did not stir out. Any per-

son," continued he, with much emotion, "who endeavours to force his way into my apartment, shall be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat again, I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on; I know that I shall be killed afterwards, as what can one do against a *camp*? I have faced death too many times to fear it. Besides, I am convinced that this governor has been sent out by Lord ——. I told him a few days ago, that if he wanted to put an end to me, he would have a very good opportunity, by sending somebody to force his way into my chamber. That I would immediately make a corpse of the first that entered, and then I should be of course despatched, and he might write home to his government, that '*Bonaparte*' was killed in a brawl. I also told him to leave me alone, and not to torment me with his hateful presence. I have seen Prussians, Tartars, Cossacs, Calmucs, &c.; but never before in my life have I beheld so ill-favoured, and so forbidding a countenance. *Il porte le — empreint sur son visage.*"

"It appears," added he, "that this governor was with Blucher, and is the writer of some official letters to your government, descriptive of part of the operations of 1814. I pointed them out to him the last time I saw him, and asked him, *Est-ce vous, Monsieur?* He replied, 'Yes,' I told him that they were *pleines de faussetés et de sottises*. He shrugged up his shoulders, appeared confused, and replied, '*J'ai cru voir cela.*' If," continued he, "those letters were the only accounts he sent, he betrayed his country."

## GENERAL MOORE.

"Moore," said he, "was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him." This eulogium he repeated more than once; and observed, that he had commanded the reserve in Egypt, where he had behaved very well, and displayed talent. I remarked that Moore was always in front of the battle, and was generally

unfortunate enough to be wounded. "Ah!" said he, "it is necessary sometimes. He died gloriously—he died like a soldier." Menou was a man of courage, but no soldier. "You ought not to have taken Egypt. If Kleber had lived, you would never have conquered it. An army without artillery or cavalry. The Turks signified nothing. Kleber was an irreparable loss to France and to me. He was a man of the brightest talents, and the greatest bravery. I have composed the history of my own campaigns in Egypt and of yours, while I was at the Briars. But I want the *Moniteurs* for the dates."

#### VILLENEUVE.

The conversation then turned upon French naval officers. "Villeneuve," said he, "when taken prisoner and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat, that he studied anatomy on purpose to destroy himself. For this purpose he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, I ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the fleet, for I had ordered him not to sail, or to engage the English, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of the heart, and compared them with his breast. Exactly in the centre of the plate, he made a mark with a large pin, then fixed the pin as near as he could judge in the same spot in his own breast, shoved it into the head, penetrated his heart, and expired. When the room was opened, he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound in his breast. He need not have done it," continued he, "as he was a brave man, though possessed of no talent."

A ship arrived from England; went to town; saw the governor, and on my return, went to Napoleon, who was playing at nine-pins with his generals in his garden. I told him (by desire of the governor) that a bill concerning him had been brought into Parliament,

to enable ministers to detain him in St. Helena, and to provide the necessary sums of money for his maintenance. He asked if it had met with opposition? I replied, "scarcely any." "Brougham or Burdett," said he, "did they make any?" I replied, "I have not seen the papers, but I believe that Brougham said something."

#### HIS REMEDIES.

Had a long medical argument with him, in which he maintained, that *his* practice in case of malady, viz. to eat nothing, drink plenty of barley water, and no wine, and ride for seven or eight leagues to promote perspiration, was much better than mine.

#### LONDON.

He asked me a number of questions about London, of which I had lent him a history, which had been made a present to me by Captain Ross. He appeared to be well acquainted with the contents of the book, though he had not had it in his possession many days; described the plates, and tried to repeat several of the cries;—said that if he had been king of England he would have made a grand street on each side of the Thames, and another from St. Paul's to the river. The conversation afterwards turned upon the manner of living in France and England. "Which eats the most," said he, "the Frenchman or the Englishman?" I said, "I think the Frenchman." "I don't believe it," said Napoleon. I replied, that the French, though they nominally make but two meals a day, really have four. "Only two," said he. I replied, "they take something at nine in the morning, at eleven, at four, and at seven or eight in the evening." "I," said he, "never eat more than twice daily. You English always eat four or five times a day. Your cookery is more healthy than ours. Your soup is, however, very bad: nothing but bread, pepper, and water."

#### HIS ANTICIPATIONS.

He then spoke about the new house, said, that if he expected to remain long in St. Helena, he would wish to have it erected at the Plantation-house side; "but," continued he, "I am of opinion that as soon as the affairs of France are settled, and things quiet, the English



government will allow me to return to Europe, and finish my days in England. I do not believe that they are foolish enough to be at the expense of eight millions annually, to keep me here, when I am no longer to be feared; I therefore am not very anxious about the house." He then spoke about escape, and said, that, even if he were inclined to try it, there were ninety-eight chances out of a hundred against his succeeding; "notwithstanding which," continued he, "this gaoler imposes as many restrictions, as if I had nothing more to do than to step into a boat and be off. It is true, that, while one lives, there is always a chance, although chained, enclosed in a cell, and every human precaution taken, there is still a chance of escape, and the only effectual way to prevent it is to put me to death. *Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.* Then all uneasiness on the part of the European powers, and Lord Castlereagh, will cease: no more squadrons to watch me, or poor soldiers fatigued to death, with picquets and guards, or harassed carrying loads up those rocks."

#### HIS HABITS.

While dressing, he is attended by Marchand, St. Denis, and Novarre. One of the latter holds a looking-glass before him, and the other the necessary implements for shaving, while Marchand is in waiting to hand his clothes, *eau de Cologne*, &c. When he has gone over one side of his face with the razor, he asks St. Denis or Novarre, 'Is it done?' and after receiving an answer, commences on the other. After he has finished, the glass is held before him to the light, and he examines whether he has removed every portion of his beard. If he perceives or feels that any remains, he sometimes lays hold of one of them by the ear, or gives him a gentle slap on the cheek, in a good-humoured manner, crying, 'Ah, *coquin*, why did you tell me it was done?' This, probably, has given rise to the report of his having been in the habit of beating and otherwise ill-treating his domestics. He then washes with water, in which some *eau de Cologne* has been mingled, a little of which he also sprinkles over his person, very carefully picks and cleans his teeth, frequently has himself rubbed

with a flesh-brush, changes his linen and flannel waistcoat, and dresses in white kerseymere (or brown nankeen) breeches, white waistcoat, silk stockings, shoes and gold buckles, and a green single-breasted coat with white buttons, black stock, with none of the white shirt collar appearing above it, and a three-cornered small cocked hat, with a little tri-coloured cockade.—When dressed, he always wears the cordon and grand cross of the legion of honour. When he has put on his coat, a little *bonbonnière*, his snuff-box, and handkerchief, scented with *eau de Cologne*, are handed to him by Marchand, and he leaves the chamber.

#### HOBHOUSE'S BOOK.

He observed that a book, relative to his last reign in France, had been lately sent out by the author (an Englishman,) to Sir Hudson Lowe, with a request that it should be delivered to him. On the back was inscribed, in letters of gold,—to the Emperor Napoleon, or, to the Great Napoleon.—'Now,' continued he, 'this *galceriano* would not allow the book to be sent to me, because it had the 'Emperor Napoleon' written upon it; because he thought that it would give me some pleasure to see that all men were not like him, and that I was esteemed by some of his nation. *Non credevo che un uomo poteva essere basso e vile a tal segno.*'

Sir Hudson Lowe came to Longwood, and calling me aside in a mysterious manner, asked if I thought that 'General Bonaparte' would take it well if he invited him to come to a ball at Plantation House, on the Prince Regent's birth day? I replied, that, under all circumstances, I thought it most probable that he would look upon it as an insult, especially if made to 'General Bonaparte.'

After this, he spoke about Mr. Hobhouse's book, observed, that he could not send it to Longwood, as it had not been forwarded through the channel of the Secretary of State; moreover, that Lord Castlereagh was extremely ill spoken of, and that he had no idea of allowing General Bonaparte to read a book in which a British minister was treated in such a manner, or even to know that a work containing such reflections could be published in Eng-

land. I ventured to observe to his excellency, that Napoleon was very desirous to see the book, and that he could not confer a much greater favour than to send it up. Sir Hudson replied, that Mr. Hobhouse, in the letter which accompanied it, had permitted him to place it in his own library, if he did not think himself authorised to send it to its original destination.

On the following day, Napoleon again entered on the subject of the book to me, the detention of which by the governor he declared to be illegal; and that even if he were a prisoner under sentence of death, the governor's conduct would not be justifiable in detaining a printed and published book, in which there was no secret correspondence or treason, because there were some *bêtises* in it. By '*bêtises*,' he meant the inscription addressed to him.

#### LESLIE'S AIR PUMP.

One of Leslie's pneumatic machines for making ice was sent up to Longwood this day. As soon as it was put up, I went and informed Napoleon, and told him that the admiral was at Longwood. He asked several questions about the process, and it was evident that he was perfectly acquainted with the principles upon which air-pumps are formed. He expressed great admiration for the science of chemistry, spoke of the great improvements which had latterly been made in it, and observed, that he had always promoted and encouraged it to the best of his power. I then left him, and proceeded to the room where the machine was, in order to commence the experiment in the presence of the admiral. In a few minutes Napoleon, accompanied by Count Montholon, came in, and accosted the admiral in a very pleasant manner, seemingly gratified to see him. A cup full of water was then frozen in his presence in about fifteen minutes, and he waited for upwards of half an hour to see if the same quantity of lemonade would freeze, which did not succeed. Milk was then tried, but it would not answer. Napoleon took in his hand the piece of ice produced from the water, and observed to me, what a gratification that would have been in Egypt. The first ice ever seen in St.

Helena was made by this machine, and was viewed with no small degree of surprise by the natives.

#### HIS QUARREL WITH LOWE.

He then said, 'that governor came here yesterday to annoy me. He saw me walking in the garden, and in consequence I could not refuse to see him. He wanted to enter into some details with me, about reducing the expenses of the establishment. He had the audacity to tell me that things were as he found them, and that he came up to justify himself; that he had come up two or three times before to do so, but that I was in a bath. I replied, 'No, Sir, I was not in a bath, but I ordered one on purpose not to see you. In endeavouring to justify yourself, you make matters worse.' He said that I did not know him; that, if I knew him, I should change my opinion. 'Know you, Sir,' I answered, 'How could I know you? People make themselves known by their actions; by commanding in battles. You have never commanded in battle. You have never commanded any but vagabond Corsican deserters, Piedmontese and Neapolitan brigands. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself, but I never heard of you except as a clerk to Blucher, or as a commandant of brigands. You have never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honour.' He said, that he had not sought for the employment. I told him, that such employments were not asked for; that they were given by governments to people who had dishonoured themselves. He said, that he only did his duty, and that I ought not to blame him, as he only acted according to his orders. I replied, 'So does the hangman. He acts according to his orders. But, when he puts a rope round my neck to finish me, is that a reason that I should like that hangman, because he acts according to his orders. Besides, I do not believe that any government could be so mean as to give such orders as you cause to be executed.' I told him, that, if he pleased, he need not send up any thing to eat. That I would go over and dine at the table of the brave officers of the 53d; that I was sure there was not



one of them who would not be happy to give a plate at the table to an old soldier. That there was not a soldier in the regiment who had not more heart than he had. That in the iniquitous bill of parliament, they had decreed that I was to be treated as a prisoner, but that he treated me worse than a condemned criminal, or a galley slave, as those were permitted to receive newspapers and printed books, which he deprived me of. I said, 'You have power over my body, but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, fierce, and determined at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe.' I told him that he was a *sbirro Siciliano*, and not an Englishman; and desired him not to let me see him again until he came with orders to despatch me, when he would find all the doors thrown open to admit him.

'It is not my custom,' continued he, 'to abuse any person, but that man's effrontery produced bad blood in me, and I could not help expressing my sentiments. When he had the impudence to tell me before the admiral that he had changed nothing; that all was the same as when he had arrived, I replied, 'Call the captain of ordonnance here, and ask him. I will leave it to his decision. This struck him dumb, he was mute.'

He told me, that he had found his situation so difficult, that he had resigned. I replied, that a worse man than himself could not be sent out, though the employment was not one which a *galantuomo* would wish to accept. 'If you have an opportunity,' added he, 'or if any one asks you, you are at liberty to repeat what I have told you.'

#### LOWE'S RESIDENCE.

Sir Hudson Lowe sent for me to Plantation House. He asked me if I had heard the subject of their conversation. I replied, 'some part of it.' He wished to know what it was. I replied, 'that I supposed he remembered it, and that I did not wish to repeat what must be disagreeable to him.' He observed that I had mentioned it elsewhere, and that he had a right to hear it from my own lips. Although I had permission to communicate it, I was not pleased

to be obliged to repeat to a man's face opinions such as those which had been expressed of him; but under the circumstances of the case, I did not think proper to refuse; I therefore repeated some parts. Sir Hudson said, that though he had not commanded an army against him, yet that he had probably done him more mischief, by the advice and information which he had given prior to and during the conferences at Chatillon, some of which had not been published, as the conferences were going on at the time—than if he had commanded against him. That what he had pointed out, had been acted upon afterwards, and was the cause of his downfall from the throne. 'I should like,' added he, 'to let him know this, in order to give him some cause for his hatred. I shall probably publish an account of the matter.'

Sir Hudson Lowe then walked about for a short time, biting his nails, and asked me if Madame Bertrand had repeated to strangers any of the conversation which had passed between General Bonaparte and himself? I replied, that I was not aware that Madame Bertrand was yet acquainted with it. 'She had better not,' said he, 'lest it may render her and her husband's situation much more unpleasant than at present.' He then repeated some of Napoleon's expressions in a very angry manner, and said, 'did General Bonaparte tell you, sir, that I told him his language was impolite and indecent, and that I would not listen any longer to it?' I said, 'no.' 'Then it shewed,' observed the governor, 'great littleness on the part of General Bonaparte not to tell you the whole. He had better reflect on his situation, for it is in my power to render him much more uncomfortable than he is. If he continues his abuse, I shall make him feel his situation. He is a prisoner of war, and I have a right to treat him according to his conduct. I'll build him up.' He walked about for a few minutes repeating again some of the observations, which he characterized as ungentleman-like, &c. until he had worked himself into a passion, and said, 'tell General Bonaparte that he had better take care what he does, as, if he

continues his present conduct, I shall be obliged to take measures to increase the restrictions already in force. After observing that he had been the cause of the loss of the lives of millions of men,

and might be again, if he got loose, he concluded by saying, 'I consider Ali Pacha to be a much more respectable scoundrel than Bonaparte.'

#### CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

**D**EHORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions different to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou may'st virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resurrection from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if

a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pelucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around



them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for the term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my sixth and twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a profest joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extem-

poraneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solid fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to retake a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon

us off two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realize it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministrings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone—

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as

from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybartic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time. When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to



make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation ; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em

To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve ? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering ?

*Recovering !*—O if a wish could transport me back into those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you ?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that

state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication* : for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministeries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation.—The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.\*

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never par-

\* When poor M—— painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness, with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly.

ticularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c. haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was pen-

ned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.  
ELIA.

## Paragraphs.

About the middle of last year, a sailor, on the island of New Providence, being much fatigued with walking, sat down on the sea-shore on what he conceived to be a large stone. After resting and sleeping some time, he attempted to get up, but found his breeches stuck fast to his seat. After joining one of his shipmates, he observed so strong a smell as to ask him where he had been; and, the other telling him the circumstance, he advised him to go back, and bring away this stone: but he demurred, and said it was more than he could carry. "So much the better," replied his companion; who honestly told him he suspected it to be a large lump of ambergris, which was a very valuable article, and that he might make his fortune by it. He crossed the island with a horse, and brought it away. It was first shown to a Jew, who did not offer him a tenth part of its value. It soon became known, and the captain of a merchantman being at the port, bought it, and brought it to England, and we believe the house of Ellice, Inglis & Co. had the selling of it. It came into the custody of a Mr. D. an eminent druggist, and was sent over to the Continent a few months ago; when it yielded, at 86s. per oz. 2,300l.

The iron steam-boat mentioned in our last was built at the Horsley iron-works, near Birmingham, and put together at Rotherhithe. She is 106 feet long, and 17 broad; and is propelled by a 30-horse engine, with Oldham's revolving oars, the most perfect piece of mechanism that has ever been adopted in steam-boats.

Information has been received that the enterprising pedestrian Captain COCHRANE, had reached the Altai mountains on the frontier of China. Further accounts from this extraordinary traveller have since arrived, dated from the mouth of the Kolyma, and from Okotsk, in June, 1821. He had proceeded to the neighbourhood of the north-east cape of Asia, which he places half a degree more to the northward.—"No land (he says,) is considered to exist to the northward of it. The east side of the Noss is composed of bold and perpendicular bluffs, while the west side exhibits gradual declivities; the whole most sterile, but presenting an awfully magnificent appearance." From the Kolyma to Okotsk, he had, he says, a "dangerous, difficult, and fatiguing journey of three thousand versts," a great part of which he performed, on foot, in seventy days. After such an adventurous expedition from Peters-



burgh to the north-eastern extremity of Siberia, we regret to find that the shores of Kamschatka are likely to be the boundary of his arduous and perilous enterprize. After gratefully noticing the generosity and consideration which he every where experienced at the hands of the Russian government and of individuals, he adds,—“that government has an expedition in Behring's Straits, whose object is to trace the continent of America to the northward and eastward.” It consisted of two ship corvettes, which left Spithead in 1819. In July, 1820, they reached Behring's Strait, and were supposed to have passed it in that year; they returned, however, in the winter to some of the Russian settlements on the coast of America; and, as now appears from Capt. Cochrane's statement, were again in that neighbourhood in June, 1821.

#### DOGS.

There would be no occasion to avoid the faithful and generous dog recorded in the following extract: “In August, 1765, one Carr, a waterman, having laid a wager that he and his dog would both leap from the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, and land at Lambeth, within a minute of each other; he jumped off first, and the dog immediately followed him: but the faithful animal, not being in the secret, and fearing his master should be drowned, laid hold of him by the neck, and dragged him to shore, to the no small diversion of the spectators.”

Nor this *brave* one.—There was a Newfoundland dog on board the *Bellona*, last war, who kept the deck during the battle of Copenhagen, running backwards and forwards with so brave an anger, that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off, after the peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair, and fed with roast-beef and plum-pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name. He was so called after his original master, who was no less a personage than Victor Hughes.

As to a dog belonging to Lord and Lady Massarene, (a singular trial about the inheritance of whose estate took place, a few years back, at Carrickfergus,) a leaden coffin was had for the dog when he died, besides an outer shell. The plumber's account was four pounds eleven shillings. When the carcase was put into the coffin, a car was procured to carry it to Antrim Castle, and positive orders were given that fifty dogs should attend the funeral in white scarfs, and that all the dogs in the parish should also be present! We forgot to add, the evening the dog died, it was carried to the bed-room of Miss O'Doran *to be waked*.

A very interesting experiment has been made of steam vessels on canals, in the Union Canal at Edinburgh, with a large boat, twenty-eight feet long, constructed with an *internal* movement. The boat had twenty-six persons on board; and, although drawing fifteen inches of water, she was

propelled by only four men at the rate of between four and five miles an hour, while the agitation of the water was confined entirely to the centre of the canal.

#### NEW WORKS.

In the present month will be published, A new System of Arithmetic, on a plan entirely original, by J. WALKER; also a Key or Exposition of the New System.

As decided friends to the free discussion of religious topics, we have turned over the pages of *A Vindication of the Character and Writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg*, by ROBERT HINDMARSH, minister of the New Jerusalem Chapel in Manchester. This curious piece of polemical divinity is written with ability and acuteness, and displays an extensive and intimate acquaintance with scriptural learning, which we are surprised to find connected with what appears to us, speaking with the humility becoming an imperfect investigation of the baron's pretensions, to be the extreme boundary line of innocent credulity. Whilst we cannot but thus confess our want of faith in the singular system so ably advocated by Mr. Hindmarsh, we should be sorry by any expression of our opinions either to wound his feelings, or to prevent any one from giving his creed a fair and unprejudiced examination. The Swedenborgian scheme, indeed, has in it a degree of charity and benevolence which renders it very attractive to men of benign dispositions, and the ingenuity with which its details are made out, is, if we may use so light an epithet, in the highest degree entertaining. The principal result of the baron's revelations is to familiarize us with the spiritual world, which he represents to be in every respect a counterpart of the present state of existence; there being, in heaven, administrations, offices, employments, and trades, ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic; marriages, births, and transitions to other stages of being. There is some shew of reason, if not of orthodoxy, in this; and we rather lean to the interpretation of the baron, when he considers that hell is formed by self-love and the love of the world, and heaven by the exercise of the kind affections. For the solution of many extraordinary dogmas of this teacher, the reader will apply himself with great advantage to Mr. Hindmarsh's treatise, which expounds and defends the most disputable passages with great adroitness and success. That the Lord appears in heaven as a sun before the right eye, and as a moon before the left; that Dutchmen live on one side of the street in heaven, and their wives on the other; that tables are established in heaven for bursting in explosions on those who lay too much stress on faith; and that married people quarrel in the other world even to fighting, are propositions which are at first view startling, but from which Mr. Hindmarsh does not shrink, and to which he labours with great skill to reconcile us. With all the exceptions, however, to which

this religious system seems to us to lie open, we cannot but give it and its professors credit for the true Christian mildness of its principles, and assign it a place in our estimation, far above that possessed by gloomier and more narrow minded creeds.

#### TREES.

Mr. Gilpin records a very extraordinary instance of vegetation. "The main-stem of an oak arose in contact with a part of the wall of Beaulieu Abbey, which was entire; and extended one of its principal limbs along the summit of it. This limb at the distance of a few yards from the parent-tree, finding a fissure in the wall, in which there might probably be some deposit of soil, shot a root through it into the earth: from hence, shooting up again through another part of the wall, it formed a new stem, as large as the original tree; and from this again proceeded another horizontal branch, like the former. In a great storm, which happened on the 27th of February, 1781, both the wall and the tree were blown down together.

We are indebted to the Romans for the **CHESNUT-TREE**. It is not a native of Great Britain. Kent was the county it was first planted in. Mr. Brydone, in his Travels through Sicily, says that the chesnut-trees there are of prodigious magnitude. Mr. Glover and himself measured one which was two hundred and four feet round! Carrera had said, formerly, there was wood enough in that one tree to build a large palace. Bagolini has celebrated the same tree; and Massa, one of their most esteemed authors, adds, that the size of the chesnut-trees was beyond belief, the hollow of one of which, he says, contained three hundred sheep! and thirty people had been often in it, on horseback. Lord Barrington used to say, that a horse-chesnut tree, in full flower, gave him the idea of a giant's nosegay.

There is in the neighbourhood of Bamberg an apple-tree, which excites the astonishment of the curious. It bears two hundred and sixty-eight different kinds of apples. It will bear three hundred, but the grafts have not yet all taken. The proprietor of this tree, which is perhaps the most singular in the world, has affixed a ticket to each branch, to indicate the quality of its fruit. This ingenious effect of grafting would not have suited the Minorquins, who are pious even in their agriculture. The English had taught them the use of grafting their trees; but when the island was restored to Spain, they left it off, saying, "God Almighty knew best how trees ought to grow."

#### BREAD MACHINE.

A machine has lately been introduced at Lausanne, in Switzerland, for making bread, that is, for preparing the fermentation of the dough, which seems to deserve imitation in other countries. It is simply a deal box, a foot in breadth and height, and two feet in length, placed on supports, by which it is turned by a handle like the cy-

linder used for roasting coffee. One side of the box opens with a hinge, to admit the dough, and the box is turned round. The time requisite to produce fermentation depends on the temperature of the air, the quickness of the turning, and other circumstances. But, when the operation is performed, it is known by the shrill hissing of the air making its escape, which generally happens in half an hour. The leaven is always extremely well raised; perhaps too much, sometimes. The labour is nothing, for the machine, such as this here described, may be turned by a child. No hooks, points, cross-bars, or any other contrivance, can be wanted within the box, to break or separate the mass of dough; for these operations are sufficiently effected by the adhesion of the dough to the sides of the box. If the machine be made of greater length, and divided by cross partitions at right angles to the sides, different kinds of dough may be prepared at the same time. One evident advantage of such a contrivance is, that bread, manufactured in this way, must be perfectly clean and free from any accidental soiling.

#### INDULGENCES.

When Thomas Aquinas was on a visit to Rome, whilst he was in the closet of Pope Innocent the Fourth, an officer brought in a bag of money procured by the sale of absolutions and indulgences. "You see, young man," said the Pope, "the age of the church is past, in which she said, *Silver and gold have I none*."—"True, holy father, (replied Aquinas,) but the age is also past, in which she could say to a paralytic, *Rise up and walk*." The Greek Church, however, denied the Pope having a power to grant indulgences. His holiness, upon this, then accused them of schism;—a very natural effect, since the pontificate had tasted the sweets of such a very lucrative and spiritual merchandise.

But the Catholics are not the only granters of pardons. Father Vincenzo Maria, in his Voyage to the Indies, informs us that "the Prince of Bassora persuades the Mahomedans, that he is the chief favourite of the prophet; that, by his letters of exchange, he can procure the bearers such or such a place in paradise. There is a bank in his house for the dispatch of these letters: he signs a policy, by which the possession of a certain place in heaven is acquired, that is more or less advantageous, in proportion to the sum that is paid him."

A few remarks respecting **PENANCE**.—As this is an infliction suffered as an expression of repentance for sin, let us see what sort of penance has been enjoined to individuals, and observe upon that which was voluntary. We now come to those offences which are paid off, or are supposed to be paid off, in actual penance or mortification, in which the pocket has no share. Now beads, Deaths' heads, cross bones, discipline of every sort, have had their day of experiment, and we do not find the



Continent much better for the use : Perhaps they were not properly applied.—Gregorio Leti owns, in one of his letters, that having acknowledged in confession some gallantries, his confessor enjoined him by way of penance, to eat, or rather to chew, seven pieces of straw of a foot long.—See the "World," No. 160, for the whimsical penance recorded, with so much ludicrous solemnity, on the Countess of Kent, and her second young husband, Sir Eustace D'Abericourt.

Penance has been voluntary and otherwise.—Sir Thomas More had on a hair shirt when he died. The following is a case of self-inflicted penance, producing a bad result to Stanislaus, king of Poland : "His death, as Lady Mary Churchill related it to me, took place in February, 1766, in the following manner : The old king, who, like the Poles and Germans, was much addicted to smoking tobacco, usually finished several pipes every day. Being alone in an undress, while endeavouring to knock out the ashes from his pipe, he set fire to his gown ; and his *valet de chambre*, who alone exercised the privilege of entering his apartment, had unfortunately just gone into the town of Luneville. His cries were not immediately heard ; but when they reached the officer stationed on guard, in the outer room, he flew to the king's assistance ; and, having contrived to throw him down on the floor, the flames were speedily extinguished. He might even have survived and recovered the accident, if it had not been accompanied with a singular circumstance. Stanislaus, who had become devout during the last years of his life, as a penance for his transgressions, constantly wore under his shirt, next to his flesh, a "*reliquaire*," or girdle made of silver, having points on the inside, from space to space. These points becoming heated, and being pressed into his body, while in the act of extinguishing the fire, caused a number of wounds or sores ; the discharge from which, at his advanced period of life, proved too severe for his enfeebled constitution."

The voluntary inflictions of penance is, however, rare. Cardan, or better known as Hieronymus Cardanus, a learned Milanese, was an eccentric man. When nature did not visit him with any bodily pain, he would procure to himself that disagreeable sensation, by biting his lips so wantonly, or pulling his fingers to such a vehement degree, as sometimes to force the tears from his eyes ; and the reason he assigned for so doing was, in order to moderate certain impetuous sallies of the mind, whose violence was by far more insupportable to him than pain itself ; and that the sure consequence of such a severe practice was his better enjoying the pleasure of health.

We have already shown how determined some mortals have been *not* to enjoy the luxuries of life. Hume says he heard of a monk abroad, who, because the windows of his cell opened upon a noble prospect,

made a covenant with his eyes, never to turn that way, or receive so sensual a gratification. This is a penance highly refined.

Never was penance more cutting than that of Pope Leo I, who reigned in 440.—'Tis said that a devout and handsome woman was, according to custom, admitted on Easter day to kiss this Pope's hand : He perceived I know not what emotions, which savoured too much of the flesh and blood, and thought himself obliged to obey the precept of Jesus Christ, in the rigour of the letter—If thy hand offend thee, cut it off ! But being by this mutilation rendered incapable of saying mass any more, there arose a murmuring among the people, which made him earnestly beg of God the restitution of his hand : 'twas granted him ; and from that time, say they, the custom of kissing the Pope's hand was changed into that of kissing his feet.

That which Blaise Pascal adopted voluntarily was this : He used to take occasionally an iron girdle stuck full of points, and put this round him, next to his flesh ; so that whenever any vain thought came into his mind, or took any delight in the place he was in, or any thing like this happened, he would strike himself with his elbow, to make the points run deeper, and in this manner put himself in mind of his duty. Some of Pascal's maxims will, doubtless appear forced to some worldly people. For instance, he did not approve of a man's employing these expressions, *I have said, I have done, &c.* And then because he being forced, by the reason of the perpetual sickness with which he was afflicted, to eat food of a dainty kind, "he took great care not to taste what he ate," that he might not be sensual. "If I happened to observe, (said his sister,) as the occasion offered, that I had seen a pretty woman, he would be angry, and say, that I ought never to talk of such things before footmen and young people, because I did not know what thoughts I might thereby suggest to them." Pascal, it must be owned, was in all respects, a prodigy.

John Andreas, a canonist of Bologna, went through unheard of austerities, if we believe Volaterranus. He macerated his body with prayer and fasting, and lay upon the bare ground every night for twenty years together, covered only with a bear-skin. And yet, if the story which Poggius tells of him, in his Jests, be true, there is reason to suppose that he afterwards relaxed very much of his former continency.

The Brahmins of India, too, have their self-imposed penances ; and their superstitions have made them sufficiently distorted and deformed. A Brahmin will sometimes eat till he dies with repletion. Another will eat of clarified butter until he is in agonies, and then he desists. Others live solely on milk. The principle of their penance is the same with, though not in the fashion of, those of the Romish calendar. A Hindoo, according to Mr. Dow, by way of penance, will fix his eyes on his nose until

he can see in no other direction ; he will clench his fist till the nails grow out of the back of his hand ; and he will twist his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward.

#### NEW TRANSLATION OF PAUL'S EPISTLES.

Our pages are not often devoted to the review of those articles of polemical divinity with which the press, in all seasons, teems ; but we cannot refrain from noticing so important an addition to the literature of the country, as the highly valuable and learned work of the Rev. THOMAS BELSHAM, minister of Essex-street Chapel, comprising *the Epistles of Paul the Apostle, translated, with an Exposition and Notes*. Throughout a long life, the author's exertions have been directed, with unwearied ardour to the support of the most enlightened principles of civil and religious liberty ; and, although many differ from him on points of speculative opinion, there are none, we are persuaded, who will not bear the testimony of their admiration for his talents, and respect for his virtues. The work before us is a suitable and honourable finish of the labours of such a mind ; and, while it establishes, on a firm foundation, the literary reputation of its author, the circumstances under which it is published cannot but be highly gratifying to his personal feelings, as a proof of the high value which so many individuals entertain for their instructor and friend. Whatever religious or literary feelings are brought to an attentive perusal of the Epistles of Paul, no mind can pass them over lightly ; and they must ever be regarded as a singular literary phenomenon, an important branch of the history and evidences of revelation, and a striking picture of an original and singularly-gifted mind. Mr. Belsham is of that school of critics on the writings of the Apostle of which Mr. Locke was the founder, and which is graced by many illustrious names. With them, the first endeavour has been to place the authority and extent of inspiration on rational and consistent principles. Their general conclusions are brought before the reader in Mr. Belsham's preliminary dissertation. Under their sanction, he contends that the Apostles themselves claim no plenary inspiration for their writings ; and that it is the province of reason and sound judgment to investigate the analogies, arguments, and considerations by which the sacred writers sought to enforce and explain the doctrines which they had been commanded to preach. The preliminary dissertation states very perspicuously the particular circumstances which gave a cast to the ideas, a tinge to the language, and a peculiarity to the reasonings of the Apostle ; from all which considerable difficulty has always been felt in a cursory perusal of his writings, particularly under the miserable disfigurement which they have sustained by being cut up into verses and chapters, often with a total disregard of all sense and connexion. We must, however, confine ourselves to stating, that what we have

perused has satisfied us that his work is always ably performed, and that it cannot but furnish an invaluable addition to the library of every candid biblical enquirer. There is little with which the greater part of the enlightened members of our establishment (such, at any rate, as are inclined to follow in the steps of Locke, Law, Watson, and Paley,) would think it necessary to quarrel ; and all must admire the ingenuity and zeal with which the author extracts and demonstrates, from the cursory and often obscure allusions of the apostolic letters, the authenticity of these writings, and the claim and admission of supernatural powers and authorities ; and from thence deduces his arguments for the truth and divine origin of the Christian revelation.

#### CLOUD OF HAY.

On the 17th ult. (July) about 1 o'clock p.m. a cloud of hay was seen passing over Nottingham, at an immense height in the atmosphere. It rose from a close on the North East part of the town, in a whirlwind. The quantity was about a waggon load.—At first it rose very rapidly in a spiral form, and then took a South West direction, moving slowly ; in its passage it spread considerably, and fell in small quantities in various parts of the town.

#### NEW MODE OF CATCHING.

A girl, about fifteen years of age, after having been employed all forenoon in weeding in a cornfield belonging to S. P. Wolfstan, esq. at Stafford, Staffordshire, went to a pit in the field to wash her hands before she took dinner. She had no sooner put her hands into the water, than one of them was seized by a pike. The girl instantly drew forth her hand, and with the jerk threw the fish some yards into the field. It was nearly three feet long.

As some workmen were ploughing in a field situated about a quarter of a mile from Kits Coti House, the ploughshare was impeded by something, which had repeatedly been the case before, and the men having a desire to ascertain what was the obstruction, commenced digging, when a little below the surface they found two stones about six feet and a half in length, and two in breadth, lying long ways upright, but rather slanting, between which was a skeleton in nearly a perfect state. The body lay east and west, and at the bottom was a stone which lay flat, supposed to have been occasioned by the pressure of the earth above. The soil is very chalky, and to this it is attributed the excellent preservation of the bones. The stones appear to be exactly similar in quality to those of Kits Coti House, and it is conjectured were placed there about the same time that monument was. The skeleton is doubtless that of some chief slain in the battle fought here between Vortimer, King of Britain, and the Saxons, which is said to have happened about the year 454.—In that battle it is related that Catigern, brother of Vortimer, and Horsa, brother of Hengist, the Saxon commander, slew each other.